

B. A. Petyman
SEQUEL

TO THE
Congress of the BEASTS:
OR, THE
NORTHERN ELECTION:

A DRAMA in Rehearsal near *Mittaw* in *Courland*,
under the Inspection of the Author, a *Russian* Poet.

WHEREIN

The present secret VIEWS and POLITICKS of the *Northern Powers*, and their *Allies*, are so deduced, as to point out the real Source of the growing Ferment in that Part of *Europe*.

To which is Prefix'd,

A KEY to the *Dramatis Personæ*,
And EXPLANATORY NOTES on the Text,
Lately published at BERLIN, in High Dutch.

Translated by T. N. and W. B. Fellows of the Royal Society.

Sint nobis animalia ad laudem virtutis Sapientiæque comparandam incitamenta.

The THIRD EDITION.

☞ The Addition of a KEY and NOTES to this Third Edition, rendering it necessary to transpose and even alter the Title of the Book, 'tis to be hoped the Alteration will give no Offence to the Purchasers of the former Editions, who shou'd have had these Lights, had they come sooner to Hand.

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A KEY TO THE DYNAMITE PAPER
AND EXPLANATORY NOTES ON THE PAPER

THE DYNAMITE PAPER

LONDON



M A L E S.

*Dramatis
Bestiæ.*

*A probable
Key.*

<i>An OLD LION,</i>	<i>England.</i>
<i>A HORSE,</i>	<i>H——.</i>
<i>A FOX,</i>	<i>King of France.</i>
<i>A MONKEY,</i>	<i>King of Prussia.</i>
<i>An OLD GOAT,</i>	<i>King of Sweden.</i>
<i>An OTTER,</i>	<i>King of Denmark.</i>
<i>A YOUNG LION,</i>	<i>A young nameless R——l Adventurer</i>
<i>A WESEL,</i>	<i>Great Prince, Successor of Russia.</i>
<i>A BOAR,</i>	<i>Prince Successor of Sweden.</i>
<i>A TALBOT,</i>	<i>Count Saxe.</i>
<i>A BULL,</i>	<i>Great Huntsman of Russia, of the meanest Birth, but a most par- ticular Favourite.</i>
<i>A WOLF,</i>	<i>Chancellor of Russia.</i>
<i>A BADGER,</i>	<i>Chancellor of Sweden.</i>
<i>A BOAR-CAT,</i>	<i>D'Argenson, Minister of War in France.</i>
<i>A MULE,</i>	<i>Some E—— Minister of the First Class.</i>
<i>A H—— RAT,</i>	<i>A Courlander, or any other Fo- reigner, a Pensioner of E——d.</i>

F E M A L E S



FEMALES.

*Dramatis
Bestiæ.*

*A probable
Key.*

<i>A BEAR,</i>	<i>A powerful Princess in the North.</i>
<i>A TYGRESS,</i>	<i>The Empress Queen.</i>
<i>A LEOPARDESS,</i>	<i>Princess of Sweden, Sister to the King of Prussia.</i>
<i>A HIND,</i>	<i>A Maiden Princess of Prussia.</i>
<i>A Young EWE,</i>	<i>A Polish Princess of the House of Ratzevil.</i>
<i>An Old Cow,</i>	<i>A supposed Governess to Two Boys, said to be particularly cherish'd by a very great un- married Princess.</i>

SCENE, *A Wood in the Neigh-
bourhood of Mittaw, in Cour-
land.*

EXPLANATORY NOTES

On the DRAMA, intitl'd,

A SEQUEL to the Congress of the Beasts, &c.

TIS very perceptible that the Author of this extraordinary Performance intended to bring the World acquainted, as he seems to have been very well himself, with the real System of Politicks, and secret Views of the *Northern* Powers, and their Allies; that the Publick may not be amus'd with the strain'd, if not frivolous, Pretext set up by a certain Court for kindling War in that Part of Europe. How he has succeeded will best be known; and to them only, who peruse his Scenes with Attention; for having so divided, varied, and deversified the Subject, perhaps the better to amuse his Reader, or more probably to cover himself from the Resentment of the Arrogant and Haughty, that unless his Acts be consider'd with some greater Degree of Reflection, than what is usually bestow'd on less interesting Drama's, the great present Importance of his Discoveries may not so readily be perceiv'd, as it were to be wish'd it was, at a Conjunction so delicate and critical as the present.—But to the Examination of the particular Scenes.

ACT I. SCENE I.

THE Conversation in this First Scene, between the P. Successor, and Chancellor of *Sweden*, opens very naturally the principal Subject of the Piece, and brings a most important Secret to Light; on which, indeed, most of the Machinery of the Drama Hinges; and it may be said too of all the Politicks of a certain powerful Court, which appears more ardent in Support of the *Freedom* of a neighbouring Nation than they themselves seem to require it should. Why shou'd not the *Great*, be allow'd Liberty of *private Conduct*, as well as the *Fair* of inferior Rank? But, be that as it may, if this Writer's Insinuation be well founded, as 'tis now generally believ'd in the *North*, at least, to be, *viz. That there are two Sons already had*, no Matter on what Terms, or of what Birth, or Rank the *Sire*, the Whole Secret of the Conduct, of a certain embroiling Cabinet, for some Time past, may be most easily fathom'd;

it being very natural to raise a Son at the Expence of a Nephew, who seems but of small Expectation. Nor is another Hint, in this Scene, less natural on the Part of R——a, which might wish to kindle such a Flame in Sweden as might light back again the Nephew to a Succession, which he once refused, at the Expence of an Uncle, whose superior Talents and Virtues render him obnoxious, not only to the Court of *Petersbourg*, but that of L——n, also. And, here, in this First Scene, the Source of this Prejudice to that Gallant Prince, is very naturally accounted for (Page 4 and 5) where he Vows attempting the Recovery of the Territories torn from the Crown of Sweden, as well in this, as the late Reign. Is it then strange that *Russia* should openly, and *England*, that is, H——r, secretly obstruct the Views of a Prince, likely to wrest *Livonia*, and Part of *Finland*, from the First; and *Bremen*, and *Verden*, from the Latter? This Scene likewise elucidates another Motive, for an early Clog on the Flight of this Northern Eagle, so dreadful in the Eyes of *Russia*, and *Hanoverian* Statesmen. For if our Author's Suggestion here, be as just as in other Points, his *Prussian* Majesty is design'd to be wounded thro' the Sides of his Brother-in-Law. Even the Crest of *France* is to be lower'd by taking down the Prince Successor of Sweden. Are we, then, to Wonder at the present Inflaming, it may be said, arbitrary, insulting Conduct of the greatest Northern Court, towards a Prince and Nation, from whom so much is apprehended, when once united at Home, and strengthen'd by the Alliance, of so rising a Prince as the King of *Prussia*; become obnoxious, if not terrible, to some of his Neighbours; only for his superior Virtues and Addresses in the Art of Government?

SCENE II.

THE Dialogue, in this Scene, between the P. Successor, and the Royal Sisters, contains several Hints, no less judicious than new and artful. Among these, is that, where 'tis suggested, that *England*, in certain Hands, wou'd be a more natural Ally to Sweden than *France*; and that the three greatest Protestant Powers in Europe, *England*, *Sweden*, and *Prussia*, once well cemented, as 'tis suggested, in this Scene they might by an Intermarriage between the Princess of P——a, and a Prince whom every Reader is at Liberty to name, or paint, as he pleases; or, indeed, by a stronger Tie, their mutual Interests, they would be powerful enough to keep the whole Continent in Peace, by restraining its Sovereigns within the Bounds of Justice and Moderation; and particularly *France*, whose Ambition such a Triple, Protestant-Alliance, might be able to Check, and probably would. In this Scene likewise, there seems great Delicacy in the Author's Method of weaning the Mind from any narrow religious Prejudice contracted by Education, by awaking his Royal Maiden from Error, by Jealousy. And, here, let it be observ'd, that whether or no there was any real Intention as to either the *Prussian* or *Polish* Match, for the Prince figur'd in this Scene, the Probability

bility that there might, will bear off the Author with Applause. And, I believe, it was never doubted, that *P——a* and *Sweden* wou'd, on Occasion, cherish and support the Interest of that *Itinerent* Youth, to be reveng'd of a certain *Western* Power, suppos'd to foment the rising Broils in the North. As well in this Scene, as in others that follow, a generous Contempt is shewn for the inhospitality of *France*, which the Poet very adroitly brings in Aid of Jealously, to reconcile his Royal Heroine to One whom he supposes so necessary for preserving publick Tranquility ; and, particularly, for humbling *France*.

ACT II. SCENE. I.

IN the Beginning of the First Scene of this Second Act, we shall not only find the Secret *Love-Scene* suggested in the forgoing Act, confirm'd by him who is the principal Actor ; but that very Actor, from the *secret Honours* done him, betraying an Arrogancy natural to Upstarts in their Elivation. This Thought, particularly, in this Place, is not only just but refin'd.—The Conversation, afterwards, between this Mushroom-Favourite, the *Great Huntsman*, and the *Great Chancellor* of *R——a*, further explores the Views of that Court, in Favour of the *Fruits* of secret Love, to the Exclusion of the adopted *Nephew*, in so clear a Manner, that it is impossible, we think, any intelligent Reader can over-look them.—This Scene concludes with One of the most refin'd, yet not improbable, Speculations that could be well imagined. We can't say but the Author, who seems well acquainted in the *Northern Courts*, may have his Reasons for supposing the *R——n Premier* secretly in the Interest of the *rightful Heir*, from Inducements solely arising from a Warmth for his Country, and Love of Justice ; but the Poet might very justly be allow'd to impute such a Design to a Minister, who puts his Mistress on Measures so extraordinary, violent, and unprecedented, as, very probably, in their Consequences, will shake her Government and Power ; which are thought not so firmly establish'd, but that a single Domestick Convulsion might overturn both.

SCENE II.

THIS Second Scene opens with a Conversation between the *R——n Premier*, and an *English* Minister, which reveals partly, what is not in the least doubted at *Berlin*, or *Stockholm*, viz. That the Court of *L——n* has all along egg'd on that of *R——a*, in her Insults on *Sweden*, and has stipulated to support the War in Consequence of such *Insults*, with a copious Hand.—The Sneer in this Scene, on the present *happier* State of *England*, from the Effects of a *controverted Title*, and a *Change of Systems*, is peculiarly delicate and opportune.—This Scene ends with a Speculation

curious enough, and well worth the Notice of such as would know the Arts by which an *E——b* Ministry acquire and maintain their Influence.

SCENE III.

TO us, here in the *North*, who are well inform'd, nothing in this Third Scene appears new or mysterious; tho', I find, it has had quite another Fate in other Parts of Europe. The Insinuation that there has all along been a Secret, good Understanding, between the Court of *L——n*, and the present King of *Sweden*, is strongly painted in this Scene. Nor are the Touches, on the *neutral* Conduct which *England* should observe in these *Northern* Broils, and the Influence of *H——r* on her Councils, drawn less masterly. But there is something peculiarly singular in the Poet's charging the *old Lion* here, with being of late grown a Tippler, as if the constant Conduct of *England*, since the *A——n*, had been inconsistent with cool Reflection. And presently after this Sarcasm, the listening *Primer* of *Sweden*, is made to blab out a Secret concerning the sudden Death of *Charles XII.* which had always given Rise to Whispers, unfavourable to some very great Personages, as well living as dead. In this Scene, likewise we find, the Conduct of *France* towards the House of *St——t*, during the late Troubles in *Britain*, and, indeed, at all Times, very judiciously accounted for; and a very strong and serious Observation made, that, tho' it be not the Interest of that Crown to give effectual Support, to the exiled Family, that it would thoroughly answer the Views and Interests of *P——a* and *Sweden*, to observe a contrary Conduct, in Case of a Rupture.—The Poet, in this Scene, draws a Parallel between the *Impotency* of the present K. of *Sweden*, the K. of *Poland*, and *England*, which must be defective, with Respect to the Latter; unless he means that *English* Counsels have no more Weight in *England*, since the *A——n*, than the aforesaid Monarch's have in the Kingdoms, whose Pageant Thrones they fill.

ACT III. SCENE I.

THIS Scene, the most expressive that could possibly be invented of the true Interest, as well as present Situation of *England*; shews no less the Skill, than political Knowledge of the Poet. He very truly shews *Trade* to be the true Interest of that Island; and, that all her Wars should be for its Protection only; and solely by Sea, where her chief Strength lies.

SCENE II.

OUR Author, in this Scene, would suggest the *little Court* paid to *E——d*, even by those whom she had, and does still support, at a vast Expence; and, that all the Homage, which is seemingly paid to

to her, is from her Connexion with *H—r*, to which *B—n* is become a Footstool. *E—d*, lower in the Scene, makes but an awkward Figure, as being bully'd and banter'd by her Pensioners: But, had not the Poet Reason for drawing her as he does, if it be true that she has been plunged into an excessive Debt to support Quarrels she had no Concern in?—This Scene concludes with a Soliloquy of *E—d*'s well worthy of Attention, particularly, where she seems to condemn herself, for bearing with the Insults of those that had bully'd her into a vast Expence, by frightening her with the *Pretender*, as often as her Purse was to be open'd. Nor is the *Self-examination*, of the *old Lion*, concerning the *Whelp*, less delicate, or important, to all, who wish well to their Country.

SCENE III.

THIS Scene supposes a Reluctance in the *E—s* Ministry to engage their Country in the rising Broils of the *North*, as being intirely foreign to her Interest.—A very reasonable and natural Reluctance! But the Poet, with his usual Address, produces a much *higher Influence*, which bears all before it with an *Impetuosity* natural enough; and presently the Interest of *E—d* subsides to make Way for a *Foreign*. The Whole Scene is so expressive of the Opinion which the *M—r* and Servant are supposed to enterain of each other, that any Attempt of mine, to explain it, would but render it more obscure.

SCENE IV.

THIS whole Scene is a suppos'd Soliloquy of his *P—n* Majesty's, wherein his Fears, for secret Attempts, on the Life of some *young Prince*, and his Intentions in his Favour, are manifested: And the Touches upon the Religion of Princes in particular; and Biggotism in general, are singularly curious and worthy of the superior Genius supposed to have dropp'd them. Here, the Insinuation of the secret Connexion of the *K. of S—n* with *H—r* is pursued.

SCENE V.

HIS *Prussian* Majesty, and the Chancellor of *Sweden*, open more clearly, in this long Scene, what had been but lightly touch'd on in the forgoing Scenes. And here, also, are the supposed Views, and obviating and defensive Measures of *Prussia* and *Sweden* deduced; among the Latter, of which, a close Friendship with the *nameless Youth*, seems to be the Principal, as his Success, as 'tis express'd here, would necessarily take off *E—d* from abetting the Enemies of *Prussia*. The Skill of the Poet, in assigning a less political Cause for the *growing Amity* of the *Monarch* towards that *Youth*, is not less delicate than judicious; it being certain that no *Friendship* can be permanent and sincere, that is not founded on a
Sameness

sameness of Sentiments. This, surely, Cements, when even Interest wont. But there is yet, if possible, more Skill and Beauty in the amiable Character, which his *Prussian* Majesty is undesignedly and naturally induced to draw of himself in this Scene. The Portraiture, indeed, of so finish'd a Prince, as the King of *Prussia*, is a Task of Difficulty; but if ever a Man unbends, and unmasques, 'tis when he unbossoms himself to One he thoroughly confides in: And as the Author supposes the Confidence real and reciprocal, between the Monarch and the Minister, he may very justly deduce the Former as laying his Thoughts before him quite naked and unveil'd.—Notice is taken in this Scene, and, indeed, in others of this Work, of the constant Waste of the Wealth of *E—d*, in bribing, and corrupting, all that are susceptible of Corruption, all over the Continent. How far the genuine Interest of that Kingdom is concern'd in such a vast Expence, is best known to those who thus dole away the Treasure of their Country.—This Scene ends with a Suspicion of the *Primier's* of *Russia's* Intentions, in Favour of the *rightful Heir* to the Empire, and a Resolution of seconding him underhand. But as the Scene Ends abruptly, on the Appearance of the *C—a*, and her Family, we are left to guess, whether the Resolution taken by his *Prussian* Majesty, to support the Schemes of the *Primier*, in Favour of the true Heir, sprung from the Effect of his Policy, or that of his Justice and Generosity to an injur'd Royal Youth; tho' the Proofs we have of that Prince's Virtues in general, might have justified the Author in imputing it solely to his Generosity.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

IN this Scene, we find his *M. C.* Majesty, and his Minister of War, repenting the ill Usage, not long since, shewn in *France*, towards a *young Prince*, invited thither, as 'tis thought, under the most solemn Promises and Engagements; and, 'tis curious enough to observe, how artfully the Poet works on the Fears of the grand Monarch and his Minister, by even a Look from the injured *Youth*. The rest of the Scene is made up of Resolutions, and Schemes, for distressing that *Youth*, dreading he should ever be in Plight to revenge the Treatment he met with.

SCENE II.

THE *K. of France* and his Minister, are introduced in this and the next Scene, as Witness of One of Love and Jealousy, between the Two Princesses already mention'd, as suppos'd to stand fairest in his *P—n* Majesty's Eye, for cementing the *Tripple, Protestant Alliance*, before spoke of, between him, the Prince of *Sweden*, and the *Youth* Maltreated by *Lewis XV.* But unless the Monarch be so introduced, that he may receive the Reward of his *inhospitally*,

as he does copiously from the Ladies, we don't see but he might have been absent here ; but was it intended to expose more glaringly *French* Perfidy, as we believe it was, we must own the Thought to have been well chosen, and well expressed, and conducted. Besides, the Poet found his Account otherwise, by the King's Presence, that it furnish'd him with a specious Pretext of reconciling the jarring Ladies, which otherwise would be difficult, as Nature does not readily bend to Reason, or even to Interest, when heated by Love. Yet, in this Scene, we find *Generosity* have greater Weight than both, and very naturally ; it being true, that a Mind really noble and generous, as we might suppose Princesses endow'd with, will sooner yield to Impulses arising from Generosity and Compassion, than any other.—The *Ewe*, or Princess *Ratswil*, is made here to expose the Impotency of the K. of *Poland*, as King. But why the Poet represents him under the Character of the *Ass*, is hard to guess, unless it be, that he believ'd it his Interest, to join openly in the Confederacy against so great and incroaching a Power as the *Czarina's*.

SCENE IV.

HERE we find a manly *Youth* labouring under complicated Misfortunes, which, if his Mind answers the amiable Colouring bestow'd on it by the Poet, deserves more the Smiles of Fortune. But this Deity, being render'd blind by the same Fiction that created her, we are not to Wonder if she often makes an ill Choice of her Favourites. The Picture drawn here, of this *Youth's* Mind, is delicate and endearing ; nor is it the less affecting, that the Character comes from the Person himself, for the Reasons already given in the Instance of his *Prussian* Majesty. The only Doubt then to be solved, is, Whether the Portraiture be drawn to the Life ; and, to this we Answer, That *Fame* speaks loudly in Favour of the Original. But *they* best can tell how truly she speaks, who know him *best*.—I cannot better conclude my Thoughts, on this well-wrought Scene, than in the Words of the Poet, where he makes his youthful Hero complain of *Lewis* XVth's being his secret Enemy ; saying, *Reynard is my Foe, because he's sure I cannot be his Friend*.

SCENE V.

IF it be true, that Count *Saxe* was always a Friend to the Claim of the exiled Family, to the *B——b* Crown, as we must suppose the Poet took it to be, nothing is more natural than the Openness, with which the young *Lion* and *Talbot* treat one another in this Scene ; and the Cautions given the Former, as to his Conduct and Security. The Poet here treats the Election of Duke of *Courland* as a Farce, which to be sure, it will be whenever it happens. And after he makes the Count open partly the Intentions of his *Prussian* Majesty, with Regard to the *Youth* he was conversing with, I don't remember to have

to have seen a finer, nobler Panegyrick in so few Words, than in the Similitude between the Sentiments of that glorious Monarch, and the *Youth's*, whose Interest, the Poet supposes, he will espouse.—A Transcription of it here, cannot but oblige a Reader of any Taste or Delicacy.—“ Ah ! My Lord, did you know the wide Compass of the Monkey's (his *P——n* Majesty's) Plan, you would “ be charm'd to find another Heart, *like your own*, that pants to “ restore the Golden Age of Plenty, Freedom, and general Happiness.”—What Plan more glorious, or becoming great Minds? What Praise more delicate? Or, what Praise more meritoriously due? Yet this was the Prince, who, not long since, was proclaim'd mad and delirious, by a *certain Court*, that dreads his Neighbourhood, and Power, only because of his Virtues, which reflect Dishonour on most of his Rank now existing.

ACT V. SCENE I, II, III.

THE Two first Scenes of this Act, need no Explanation to any Reader, the least Conversant with the modern Waste of *E——b* Treasure, in *Bribes* and *Pensioners*, not only at Home, but throughout the Continent; and in the Weight of Debts, and Taxes, under which *E——d* groans, in Consequence of the enormoussness of her Out-goings for a Series of Years. The Poet has touch'd the first Part of this Consideration, skilfully and ludicrously, in the first Scene; and in the Second, the present State, as well as gloomy, future Prospects, of that Nation, are produced so pathetically, that it is plain, the Author, tho' a *Russian*, must have had a Feeling for that *setting*, once *rising* People. Nor does this Tenderness for *England*, appear less conspicuously, in an Expression, at the Close of this second Scene, which he puts into the Mouth of the *M——r*, whom the *Lion (England)* taxes with being the chief Instrument of the Waste of her Treasures, in Quarrels her Interest was wholly unconcern'd in. “ How much farther, pray, do you see, (who tax me with “ Disregard for Posterity) or did you see, when you contracted the “ Alliance, which has, and will render us all, *Mules* and *Dromedaries*?” This, perhaps, may be an Rebuke to the Community in general, but no Excuse for an Individual that should promote impoverishing or enslaving his Country, from the sordid Motives of acquiring Power or Riches.

SCENE IV.

THIS long Scene serves only to shew us, what I believe all Europe are convinc'd of, *viz.* that the Influence of *H——n* Counsels wholly directs the Conduct of *E——d*; and, that in Consequence, Foreigners pay her little or no Difference, while they are assiduous

affiduous in their Court to the *H—r* Juncto, that is, the few *H—ns* in the Confidence of the — and those *En—b* *M—rs* who are so happy as to be well with them.—'Tis true, *E—d* appears in this Scene in a pretty ridiculous Light, snubb'd, spur'd, and whip'd. But has not the Uniformity of her *wrong Measures*, with Regard to her own true Interest, since the *A—n*, authorised the Poet to shew her even in a worse Light?—He makes her, however, on Occasion, retort smartly, and, pertinently on those who take Liberties with her; as where she tells the *Czarina*, and *E. Queen* (Page 59.) *That Powers of their Religion, and Dispotism, are indeed, likely to prove very solid Props for supporting the Religion and Liberty of a free Protestant People.*—Again, (Page 63.) *E—d* under the Character of the *Lion*, is produced in an advantageous Light; where she hesitates in aiding towards the Recovery of *two Cubs*, secured by the *Wolf*, or Chancellor of *R—a*, for fear of committing an Injustice to *One* who had a better Right to the Crown than either the Mother or Sons.—This Scene finishes with a quite new Stroke of Politicks, pretty much in the prophetick Stile; which is, that the *Czarina* may probably drop her present Alliance with *E—d*, or, rather, *H—r*, and be reconciled to *France*. And, unless the Poet, whose Drama must have been wrote Nine Months at least, had foreseen that the *Turk* would make War on *Russia* as soon as she should be engag'd with *Sweden*, and, that chiefly by *French* Influence; and, that on that Emergency, she must be oblig'd to beg the Mediation of *France*, I can't see any other probable Motive for supposing a Change in the *C—a's* Conduct towards *E—d*, whom she milks at present with so little Ceremony.

The subsequent two Scenes, which should be mark'd the 5th and 6th (but mis-printed the 2d and 3d) serve to elucidate what has been hinted at in former Scenes, relative to the Imbecility of the Heir Apparent of *R—a*; the supposed secret Views of his *Aunt*, in favour of *Two* more dear to her; and of the Chancellor's supposed Design, to bring about a Restoration of the elder Branch, and *rightful Heir*, to the *R—n* Empire, as the only Means for establishing the Tranquility, and Happiness of his Country.

S C E N E VII.

THE Poet shines in no Part of the Work more than in this last Scene of the Fifth Act, where the Politicks, and Character of his Hero, his *Prussian Majesty*, are so variously, so finely, and so naturally exhibited. He blends likewise the Character of his second Favourite the young *Lion*, or *nameless Youth*, occasionally; and what is peculiar in this Writer, that his Characters, never so often

touch'd upon, are always so diversified, that they appear new to the Reader, who can't but remark the peculiar Delicacy of the succinct Portraiture drawn in this Scene (Page 70.) of the present Set of European Rulers, and Heirs Apparent,

ACT VI. SCENE I, and II.

THE Two first Scenes of this Act serve to confirm us, that the Author supposed the King of P——a's Intentions towards the *nameless Youth*, to be fixt and certain; and, that he only waited for an Opportunity to promote the Interest of his Family. How better enlighten'd the Poet may have been than others, we cannot say; but from the natural Benevolence of that great Prince, we may suppose him a Friend to such exalted Merit in Distress, as Fame speaks the *Nameless* to be endow'd with.

SCENE III.

THIS Scene opens with a View of the destructive Consequences of *Ambition*, than which nothing could be better imagin'd, for conveying an adequate Idea to his Reader, of the Spirit of the Courts of France and R——a. Here, we find a new and delicate Character of the *Nameless*, when any Thing new of One so often characteriz'd before, one would think to be almost impossible. But our Poet shines in that which most others fail; the Novelty of his Descriptions of Persons and Measures.

SCENE IV.

HERE we find the King of Prussia's Character, and his Politics, thrown into a new and flattering Light; and the Dialogue, between him and the *Nameless*, throws a no less agreeable Lustre on the Character of the Latter, particularly, where (Page 83.) he is made to say, "That his honest Heart forbids an Interview, or any *Intercourse*, with One so faithless and inhospitable (as *Reynard*)" what follows immediately after, *That Resentments are not always to be long liv'd*, as spoken by his P——a Majesty, speaks the Policy of this consummate Statesman, versed in Affairs, while the Openness of the *Nameless*, less versed in State Arts. speaks the innate Virtue of his Mind, that scorns Deceit.

This

This Fourth Scene is far from being the least refin'd, or important, of the whole Piece. It conveys the clearest Idea of the Influence of a Minister, long in favour and uncontrol'd, even after he has been guilty of the grossest Crimes, and detected; and it informs no less, how liable Princes, particularly, the Weak, are to be imposed on, by those they confide most in. The Excuse given here, by the Minister, for seizing the Cubs (or Boys) is delicate, and the most likely to be relish'd by a Mistress, jealous of her own Title; and, perhaps, of the Affection of her Subjects. We cannot, therefore, but reckon this among the many masterly Strokes with which this Work abounds. It affords a Lesson which almost all Princes stand in Need to learn. I know but of one Exception in *Europe*, by whom the Reader will easily guess, I mean the King of *Prussia*. The *nameless Youth*, so often and advantageously mention'd, in this Drama, promises, that he may be a Second.—Before I conclude my Observations, on this Scene, let me point out a Strain of Generosity in this Poet, uncommon, where One appears so profess'd an Enemy, as he does all along, to the *Ca—a*, and her late Measures, with Regard to *Sweden*; this is where he makes her Yield to the Reasons of her Minister, for not consenting to use her Power to distress the *nameless Youth*, in Compliance to the earnest Solicitations of One of her Allies, to whom that *Youth* is no little Eye-sore.

SCENE V.

WE are now come to the last Scene of this Piece, which, tho' it be but short, and contains little more than may naturally be expected to come from a bad Man, that dreads the Resentment of One, far more virtuous than himself, whom he had offended and injured; yet it is wound up in such a Manner, as must necessarily attract the Attention of the Curious. The Reader will soon perceive, that I mean the latter Part of it, where the injured *nameless Youth*, is introduced, as passing by the *Fox*, and disdaining to upbraid, or hold any Parly with *Louis XV.* who had deceiv'd and abus'd him, but *sternly looks on him with scorn and contempt*.—This Thought, tho' borrowed from the most correct Poet of the Ancients, seems to loose nothing of its Beauty, by the Personages, and the Manner in which it is introduced.—Nor let the Generosity of the Poet be unheeded, who, in this Scene, raises the Character of the *Cz—a*, obviously no Favourite of his, by her Resolution not to comply with those *Allies*, that should expect she would use her Authority “to thwart the *errant Youth* in his Designs, and force him from “the *Northern Climes*.”—A Resolution worthy of a great Mind, and becoming this Princess more particularly, that had herself tasted of the Bitterness of Restraint and Persecution.

I have now made good the Promise exacted from me by a few Friends, who insisted I should publish my Thoughts on a Drama, which furnished this Hemisphere with much Speculation and Satisfaction. How I have answer'd the Opinion they entertain'd of my Talents, for such a Task, I leave them and the Publick to judge; with this Intreaty, however, that they indulge me with the same Liberty they shall be pleas'd to take with me, in censuring any of my Observations: They must build on *Conjecture*, so did I. How severe, therefore, would it be for one Man to condemn another for thinking differently from him? I build on this Basis, and hope no Courtier, or M—l Sycophant, will owe me Spight for walking by the Clue of my *Reason*, the only Guide weak Mortals have to waddle thro' this thorny World.

F I N I S.



(1)



The Northern Fray;

O R,

Nest of BEASTS.



ACT I.

SCENE I.

*A Den at the Foot of a Craggy Mountain, in
a Wood.*

*Enter a Boar, and a Badger, coming forth
from the Den.*

Boar.



Y dear *Badger*, my bosom Friend!
How shall I retaliate?—

Badg. By sparing the Confusion
of your Servant at present; and
hereafter, by having no Interest separate from
that of those o'er whom you have been e-
lected to rule.— My Lord, as much an Ene-
my as I am to the Incroachments of an ar-

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rogant,

rogant, ambitious, unciviliz'd Neighbour, and to the Perfidy of one more distant, I had not wrought so unweariedly in your Cause, but with a View to the future Freedom and Grandeur of my native Soil.

Boar. Is it not mine also, on the sure Side?

Badg. It is, my Lord; and therefore have we chosen you above all the Youth of the Forest, since your young Kinsman, of the elder Branch, had o'er-look'd our Choice. For, my Lord, setting by hereditary Right, which I neither oppung nor defend, Proximity of Blood is ever attended with Conve- niency. Many Competitors for a Possession, draw after them too many Calamities for a wise Individual to wish to be curs'd with any—See what Inconveniences attend the doubtful Cause of Competition in a Western Forest; see what Misery the controverted Claim has brought on its Inhabitants; see what Regulations, and what weighty Burdens they are oppress'd with in Support of a controverted Title.

Boar. No such Mischiefs can attend your Choice of me: When the present aged Ruler drops, the Helm devolves on me without a Competitor.

Badg. So it ought; if Justice had been the Guide of Beasts. But alas! like perfidious Man, the Inhabitants of the Forest know, or own no Law but that of Conve- niency.

niency. Ah, Prince ! swerve not, when you come to govern, like lawless Man, from the Laws and Dictates of Reason and Justice. Be just to your Word ; nor let Interest or Conveniency attract you from the Path of Honour. Your young Kinsman resign'd to you for a wider, tho' not a fairer Lawn ; yet now wou'd he rescind his own Act, and o'ertake the Time elapsed.

Boar. O'er persuaded by the ambitious *Bear*, who dreads my Reign. And well she may, since no Art nor Force shall be wanting to thwart her Designs. What ! shall I, unmov'd, see a spurious Brood set o're my Kinsman's Head ; shall I, that am sprung from sovereign Blood, sit down tamely and see the most solemn Acts of Empire rescinded ; shall I, by an unpardonable Indolence, countenance the Debasement of Royalty ? If she must take Enjoyment, let it be according to the Laws of the Forest. My dear *Badger*, could you suspect so great Depravity in one of so exalted a Rank ?

Badg. Is she not a Female ?

Boar. So is my Consort, the *Leopardess* ; yet does she always walk in Honour's Path ?

Badg. Thanks to her Education. Nature is the same in all, but corrigible ; and they are happiest that meet with Correction. The *Bear* was taught no Law but that of wild Nature, nor are we to wonder that she observes no other. But your fair Con-

fort met with early Correction from a careful Dam, who form'd her to Wisdom and to Virtue.

Boar. The Dam might have form'd her to Virtue, but to her Brother she stands indebted for the Share of Wisdom she possesses.—Ah, my Friend! how happy am I in the Alliance of so consummate a Politician!

Badg. Happy indeed; and the more so at present, that without his Aid your Prospect of Dominion would be variable, if not uncertain.

Boar. How, my Friend! As much my Enemy as the *Bear* is, as much as she dreads my Neighbourhood and Power, when the aged *Goat* shall sink into the Grave, I did not think she meant to strip me of that Right which Election gives me.

Badg. Alas, My Lord! You see not the Depth of the Plan adopted by the *Bear*, and her more crafty Confederates, who secretly seek your Fall, the better to take down your Brother-in-Law the *Monkey*, and your common Friend, the *Fox*.

Boar. Yes, my faithful Counsellor, I can now discern the Tendency of the vast iniquitous Project—but, dear *Badger*, are not all the Projects of Ambition iniquitous? Well, if it please Heaven to vest me with supreme Power, Ambition ne'er shall warp me to Injustice.—If, by the Aid of Confederates, I seek to recover those Lawns and Cliffs that
had

had been torn from our Forest, Ambition cannot be said to have any Share in the glorious Strife. Oh, my Friend! shall I so far stain the Blood descended to me from the boasted Heroes of the North, my shining material Forefathers, as not to attempt recovering what had been wrested from them?

Badg. Nay, what had been lately forced from us.—Oh! never, my Lord, sit idle, like our present Shadow of a Ruler; but seize an Opportunity to extend your Dominions to their ancient Bounds.

Boar. Was but this decrepit *Goat* gather'd to his Fathers— yet forbid it Heaven, that I shou'd wish or precipitate his End! But if he wou'd abdicate——

Badg. Take heed, my Lord, in what Sense you speak that Word.

Boar. I know no Meaning it has but one, and that so self-evident as not to admit of a Distinction.

Badg. Had you been read in the Annals of the last Age, you wou'd have known that Abdication has a double Meaning.—But see your fair Consort, with her young beauteous Sister, the fair *Hind*, come this Way. I'll retire to meditate on those weighty Cares that fall to my Lot.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Enter the Leopardess, and the Hind.

Boar. Welcome, my Dear ; have you succeeded ; have you disposed your great Brother to our Designs ?

Leop. My Brother, ever attentive to the Interest of his Family, makes yours a common Cause, and embarks in it with all his Force. He'll be here anon to unfold to you the Purpose of his deep Designs.

Boar. But have you won him to our Scheme for taking down the rampant *Horse*, and for muzzling the old *Lion* ? How say you, fair Sister, do you hold your Purpose ?

Hind. You know, Brother, that we Maidens of Condition have no Will or Purpose, but what's directed by wiser Council.—The Person and Endowments of the young *Lion* might tempt the haughtiest Maid ; but I confess there are Objections that stand in the Way with me.—I cou'd wish he had a fix'd Abode, cou'd settle a Dower, and had worship'd as I do.

Boar. He bids fair for a Residence, and for endowing a Consort by your Alliance ; and, as for Worship, my dear Sister, reckon with me, that your Suitor, like most Youth of the Age, is no Bigot to any particular Worship—'Tis well if he thinks any Wor-
ship

ship necessary ; nor wou'd he be less welcome, where your Alliance might probably introduce him, if he did not.—How comes it, that you bend to Priest-Craft more than your Sister here, or your great Brother, who, suiting his religious Worship to his Interest, is ever ready to change or alter that by this. In Days of yore religious Distinctions were Cloaks to Ambition, and enthusiastic Gudgeons were drawn in to co-operate in the iniquitous Views of crafty Politicians ; but in this more enlighten'd Age the Cobweb Veil is seen thro' and Interest is the only Object that attracts the public Attention. Saw you not lately how your Suitor's Cause had been abandon'd by the *Fox*, when he might secure Success ; and yet the *Fox*, and young *Lion* worship'd alike in Appearance.

Hind. Ah ! Name not that hateful Object—Such dishonourable Treatment under his own Roof ! Such a Breach of Hospitality—fough 'pon him ! Never more shall I rank your favourite *Reynard* among the Great and Polite : And so much I detest him, that if any Thing cou'd tempt me to yield to the *Whelp's* Solicitation, it wou'd be that my Alliance might enable the injured Youth to be reveng'd on his unhospitable Host.

Boar. Generous Creature ! I love you for the Nobleness of your Sentiments. I detest the Baseness of *Reynard* as much as you can ;

can ; but at present his Alliance is too necessary for me to look cool upon him.

Leop. Necessary! Yes, he is a necessary Ally ; but are you not so to him ? Twice has the *Bear*, by succouring *Reynard's* Enemies, forc'd him to a Peace ; and how so well can he return the Favour, or prevent her thwarting his future Views, as by aiding my Brother and you to pare her Nails in the approaching Conflict ?—My dear Sister, second our Views on the *Bear*, and even on the *Fox*. We wou'd pull them both down, that the first might no more be able to give the Law here in the North, nor the other have Power to dictate in the South. The *Bear*, you know, wou'd oppose your Brother's Elevation and mine, tho' the Act of his Succession was ratified by general Consent ; and cou'd she succeed, our dear Brother, the *Monkey*, wou'd soon become the Victim of the haughty *Tigress's* Resentment ; for this Latter and the *Bear* are link'd in a Confederacy against our House.

Hind. I can perceive, Sister, how my matching with the *Whelp* might put him in plight to deprive your Enemy, the *Bear*, of Succours from the *Lion* and *Horse*, but cannot see how it cou'd tend to the Wean of *Reynard's* Power ; or if it did, why you and your Consort shou'd wish ill to an ancient Ally of his maternal House.

Leop.

Leop. My Dear, you have not made Politics and History your Studies as I have since I am married, or you might have known, that above all the Inhabitants of the Forest, *Reynard* is the most attach'd to Self-interest. He was the Ally of my Husband's maternal House, but so long and often as it was his Interest so to be; and even then he was scanty in Performance tho' exuberant in fair Promises. In short, as I am by Nature an Enemy to Ambition and Perfidy, I cou'd wish the *Fox* humbled, and wou'd exchange his Alliance for the *Whelp's*, as the most natural and useful.

Boar. The *Whelp*, in the Plenitude of Power, your Brother, and myself.—

Hind. You three would rule the Forest, ha, ha!

Boar. No, Sister; we wou'd not covet to rule the Forest; but wou'd prevent others to dictate there: And so well does *Reynard* know and see his own Interest, that he will ever prevent the triple Alliance if he can. But spite of him, your Match may produce the eligible Effect.

Hind. But why might not this teeming Scheme be brought to bear without me? Can no other Cement be found? There is the young fleecy *Ewe*, she is fair and beauteous, has large Possessions, and has Blood equal to any; nay the *Whelp's* Veins and hers are fill'd from the same Source on the surer Side:

Not that I have any Objection, if my Brother pleases ; but hitherto he has not been explicit on the Point.

Boar, His Politics are refin'd ; perhaps he judges it might be thought too open an Attempt to extend his own Power, if he shou'd match you with the *Whelp*.

Leop. He might think too, to lessen his Interest with those of his own Worship, shou'd he ally with a Family exiled heretofore for a Difference of Opinion,—Ah ! when will Beasts grow wise and wear off the Edge of weak Prejudice ?—Our Dam imbibed the religious Weakness in her early Youth, and spite of her good Sense, still retains the Leven. This false Prejudice, and her Tenderness for a Brother, tho' he might not have deserv'd greatly at her Hands, obstruct your matching with the generous *Whelp*. Our Brother yields to that maternal Power she has over him ; but, Sister, if you warmly join, we shall win him to our Purpose, and you'll become the Envy and Pride of all the Forest.—Oh ! did you see the glorious Youth with my Eyes.—

Hind. I shou'd run into his Embraces—ha, ha !—Ah, Sister ! how Interest more than Love ingrosses some female Hearts !—

Boar. And some again are ingross'd more by Love—See yon' youthful Pair that bend toward the Thicket, and say if they are not guided by Love alone.

Hind. How close in Discourse. How attentive is the yielding *Ewe* to all he says; how she catches his Looks——and how passionate are his——Perdition seize the Couple! (*Aside.*)

Leop. Poor Thing! tho' she is jealous to my Wish, I can't see this Tumult in her Breast without Concern. (*Aside to the Boar*) My dear Sister, hide not from us that the superior masculine Charms of the *Whelp's* Body and Mind have won your Heart, nor that the seeing him in Parly with the woollen *Ewe*, has bred that Confusion we see. Repine not at the placing your Heart on so amiable an Object, but rather pride yourself on being vanquish'd by——

Hind. Whom? Ah, my dearest Sister! how am I sure that the *Ewe* and he are not already join'd in Wedlock's Bands?

Leop. Fear it not, since without our Brother's Consent, he cou'd not, to Judgment, answer the taking such a Step: Besides he has not been long enough in this Forest to have wound up so thorny an Affair.

Hind. Ah, Sister! Are they not turn'd this Way? Too sure they are, and come forward. He shall not see the Spoil his Fame has made, before we win my Brother and Dam to our Suit, nor shall my Rival's Joy increase by observing my Perplexity.—Ah, Love! how soothing are thy Pains!

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

*A Rivulet issuing from a Spring o'er shaded
with Trees.*

Enter a Bull, followed by a Wolf.

Bull. He is not here ; yet ought he to have known his Duty better— If I am not to be his Master, am the Consort of his Mistress, and Father of his future Master——But he is here. — To my Embrace ; thou best Counsellor and Favourite of the greatest and gratefullest She of the Forest.

Enter a Wolf, embrac'd by the Bull.

How speeds your Scheme ? But why shou'd I doubt Success in such able Hands ?——

Wolf. In such friendly Hands, you might say—Were any Ability equal to my Sincerity——

Bull. I doubt neither, nor does my Comfort. Convinc'd of your Zeal and Affection, she trusts to your Conduct for elevating her eldest *Cub*, by me, to the Summit of Power and Dignity.

Wolf. Such is my Purpose ; tho' your Obscurity stands not a little in our Way to Success.

Bull.

Bull. I believe it ; but your teeming Brain—

Wolf. Shall work your Ruin, if it fail me not. (*Afide.*) All my Art, and little enough too, shall be employ'd to cover the Blot attending your Offspring's Birth, and to render it specious to the vulgar Herd.

Bull. There hing all my Hopes. Do, faithful *Wolf*, allure the heedless Herd to our Purpose ; for shou'd they take the Bit in the Teeth, the Debasement of her Choice of me, and our pristine lawless Love, might become the Topics of chattering Fame, to the Undoing your Scheme.

Wolf. Fear it not ; I'll take Care that they have no Time for Thought or deep Reflection. By Shews and Pastimes I'll divert the public Attention from Observation.

Bull. Thou Cream of Politicians ! let me hold thee to my Heart. (*Embraces.*) I'll straight to the *Bear* to chear her with the Prospect of thy Success.—The *Mule* stoops to stay his Thirst in the Ford below, I'll leave thee to mould him to our Designs. His Master, in the double Capacity of *Lion* and *Horse*, can best promote our *Scheme*, and the Servant, if he cannot win his Lord to our Purpose, can urge him to it by Intimidation.

Wolf. Enough, enough ; I know my Cue, and shall practice all Address in the Service of my august Lady, to whom, I pray, you give my Duty. (*Exit Wolf.*) So ; this Fool's

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in the Noose, as well as his weaker Consort, who had the Judgment however to distinguish a *Bull* from feebler Beasts.—The *Mule* advances this Way—He comes to sift me; but his Errand is sleeveless. To unfold the glorious Scheme of righting the injured, to one, who riots in Power, by supporting a Plan of a different Complexion, would be Weakness.—No; the big Secret shall be buried in this faithful Breast; nor shall it take Wind till the deep-laid Train take Fire and blaze.—Oh! how exquisite the honest Pleasure of punishing the Guilty, protecting Innocence, and rewarding Merit.—How meritorious to bring back the troubl'd Stream of Power to its just and native Clearness! 'Till this be done, no Peace or Concord, or Halcyon Days, can be look'd for in our Forest, where all our late Convulsions were owing to the Fountain's Foulness.—But the C—d-p—d *Mule* is here.

S C E N E II.

Enter the Mule, a Roll of Parchment in his Mouth.

Mule. Here, Brother *Wolf*, is the Project of the Alliance, between your Mistress, the *Bear*, my Master, the *Lion*, the *Tigress*, and the *Otter*, for removing the *Boar*, and substituting

substituting in his room the *Wesel*. The Confederacy is powerful, and must succeed, if you have no View, as I believe you have not, but to the Elevation of the immediate Line of the *Bear* by the *Bull*.

Wolf. Alas, Sir, what other View cou'd I have, that own my all to the Favour of her I serve?

Mule. I did not know but you might be one of those that have over tender Hearts and squeamish Consciences. You might yearn after the immur'd *Cub*, and wish the return of ancient Days, as vainly believing the Forest happiest under him.——

Wolf. Have I not the Example of your Western Forest for my Guide? There, I can behold the full Blessings of expunging the old and embracing a modern System. See I not, that you all bask in Peace and Plenty, have no Competitors nor Quarrels either foreign or domestic; that you are all free, unburden'd, and unharrass'd.——

Mule. Hold there, my Friend; but I know thee sincere by Nature, or I should suspect thee inclined to Rallery, when you urge our being free, unburden'd, and unharrass'd. I can't say, that our Circumstances come up altogether to your Portraiture; but what signifies Wealth, Ease or Freedom in Competition with those Blessings we enjoy of worshipping as we please, and being under
the

the Guidance and Protection of the so noble a Creature as the *Horse*?

Wolf. A noble Creature indeed, that props up your old Lord, the *Lion*, become, I suppose, weak and decrepid by Age.

Mule. I can't say that the old *Lion* is either weak or decrepid ; but it is become a late Maxim among us to lay him by, unless where it be of Necessity that he should appear in Support of our *Prancer's* Schemes and Interests.—Why, how do you think I became Chief in the Management of my Master's Affairs, but by making the *Lion* stoop to any Drudgery the *Horse* thought proper to honour him with, and by sacrificing, on all Occasions, the Interest of the former to that of the Latter?

Wolf. Why, Brother *Mule*, thou art the very Quintessence of Policy and Address.—

Mule. As for Address, I can't brag much of my Progress in the polite Art of carrying my Point by captivating the Heart ; but if I can't sooth, I can intimidate ; and this last Remedy is infallible. It never fails ; but I use it as seldom as possible, for you know that holding up the Switch continually may enrage the tamest Beast to an Exertion of his Strength.—Odds so ! my Master and the *Goat* advance this Way. Let us retire to digest our Plan for carrying the Election in favour of your Friend.

[*Exeunt*.]

S C E N E

SCENE III.

Enter a pamper'd Horse, and an old feeble Goat.

Horse. You sham it well, Brother ; but I hope 'tis not so bad with you, as you wou'd persuade the Public. Age gave the Colour, and it was my Advice, as it wou'd be the common Interest of our Allies, that your Sand shou'd appear hourly drawing to an End——Yet your ill-sorted Wedlock broke in upon our Scheme. Why did you not rather as I do, satiate without Restraint?—But come, all will do well, I hope ; for I have set my *Mule* to work, and tho' his Head-piece be none of the clearest, he seldom fails of carrying his Point. I have sent him to secure the *Wolf* to the common Cause, and to wean the *Badger* from the Interest of the *Boar*. He took with him wherewith to bribe the whole Forest.

Goat. And the Whole he may better corrupt than the *Badger*, who is steddily as Day in his Friendship, and his Schemes. He dreads the growing Power of the *Bear*, which, one Day, threatens the Peace of his native Forest ; and indeed, my good Brother, I don't see that any of the neighbouring Forests can hereafter be free, if the *Bear* be permitted to palm her dubious Brood to

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the

the Prejudice of the *Wesel*, whom she had adopted as early as her coming to Power.

Horse. The future Influence of the *Bear*, in these Northern Forests, is distant; but the Danger from the *Boar*'s succeeding you, is immediate; therefore the nearer Risk is to be first avoided. I wou'd not willingly loose those Lawns which my Sire had added to the scanty Possessions of our House; yet shou'd the *Boar* bear Sway, on your Decease, he wou'd attempt the Recovery of them.

Goat. His Consort has a copious Mind; and wou'd not fail egging him to big Designs.

Horse. She is come of a Race, tho' near to me in Blood, that pleases me not.—Her Brother tow'rs it too high in my Neighbourhood, and wou'd be the first there might he have his Will. But I'll take him down without seeming to do it, or even to wish it.

Goat. Surely, my Brother, you are become a Mirrour in Politics since your nestling in the *Lion*'s Hovel?—How stands the old lordly Beast inclin'd, as to this *Election*, and the Brangles of these northern Forests. Neither, you know, can affect him in his genuine Interest.—

Horse. Genuine Interest! Dost think, that I allow him to meditate on that?—See, where he comes tottering in the Path.

Goat.

Goat. He seems to reel, yet his Feebleness can't be the Effect of Age.

Horse. Ha, ha!—Age!—No, but of Liquor.—He naturally loves it; and I ply him with the strongest early and late, that he may have no cool Intervals for Reflection. How else do you think I cou'd have manag'd and moulded a Beast of his Strength and Vigour to my Will? Had he the Use of cool Reason, wou'd he have been led into those expensive Quarrels that have well nigh broke his Back?

Goat. Are you not afraid that he may, one time or other, recover his Senses, and throw off the Yoke?—Fame speaks loudly in favour of a certain young *Lion*, who 'tis whisper'd, is lately come to this northern Clime.

Horse. Pshaw, pshaw! that errant *Whelp* may ramble for his Pleasure, or to puzzle me,—I care not that—for him; nor for the *Monkey*, who would, in his Turn, play him upon my Fears, as *Reynard* did not long ago.

Goat. Be not too secure, my Friend and Brother,—You may not always be able to lull the old *Lion* to sleep; nor can you Answer, that the Prowess and Virtues of this *Whelp*, may not waken him to Tenderness and Remorse: Besides, as slight as you make of the *Monkey's* espousing the young *Rambler's* Interest, I wou'd not answer, but when—

ever he embraces it, he will prove more sincere than the *Fox* has been in times past. For, need I tell you, my Politician, that Interest, among the Great and Cunning, is the only and surest Band of Friendship. It was *Reynard's* Business to alarm you with the *Whelp*, but not his Interest to have your Heels tript up for Good. But if you weigh Things at present in Reason's Scale, you'll find it the *Monkey's* Interest to act another Part. What gives you Lustre or Weight in these northern Forests, but your close Connexion with the old *Lion*? Is it not this alone that enables you to eclipse the *Monkey* in these Regions? Is it not this Connexion likewise that emboldens the *Bear* and *Tigress*, secure of your Alliance, the First to push at unhinging the *Boar*, elected to my Forest, and the Latter at dispossessing the *Monkey* of that fair Pasture Ground, which he had forced from her in her Necessities? — What wou'd you say, shou'd *Pug* match his Sister, the fair *Hind*, to this errant Youth?

Horse. I shou'd think him as great a Fool as he is a K——e, if he shou'd ally with a Beggar.

Goat. Then you don't think that he might become rich by the Alliance?

Horse. No; and if I did, I am sure he can never attain to that Honour — My Sister is a sure Spoke in his Wheel.

Goat.

Goat. I won't answer that she will always be able to stem the Current of Interest, which shou'd induce her to co-operate with her Son for the Protection and Aggrandizement of her own immediate Family; but shou'd she be partial to your Interest, or sway'd by her Favourites, whom you may have gain'd by Means furnish'd you by the old *Lion*; shou'd this be the Case, yet has the *Monkey* the Discernment to seek another Bride for the *Whelp*, in these Parts, which may better answer his Purpose.

Horse. They talk indeed of a young fleecy *Ewe* in this Neighbourhood; but I'll put a timely Stop to his Carreer there.—She is subject to our Brother, the *Ass*; and he shall forbid the Banns.

Goat. Alas! my Brother, you measure not the *Ass*'s Power by Reason's Rule, or you wou'd have known, that he has as little where the white *Ewe* resides, as I have in the *Forest* of my Residence, or as you permit the *Lion* to have in his.—We are all three Cyphers, girded round with royal Trappings, but without any other Influence than that arising from Art and Address. Even with these, and with all your *glittering* Arguments, see you not that I was not able, tho' back'd by the *Bear* and *Tigress*, to stay the Torrent of the *Badger*'s rising in the Favour of the Public to mar our best Purposes.—That Quadrupede, that bold, that crafty
Badger,

Badger, will cross all your Designs, if not timely taken off.—

Horse. By Gifts—He shall have his Fill.—

Badger. (*Who had been listening from behind a Rock.*) Yes, if he might direct, I shou'd have my Fill, as my great Lord had some Years since, of *Lead* or *Steel*.—Oh ! let me not die before I see the meditated Death of that Pearl of Beasts reveng'd ! And as for thee, my pamper'd *Palfry*, all thy boasted Efforts to win me to thy Cause, nor all the bribing Arts of thy practis'd *Mule*, shall warp me from my Duty to my native Forest, nor from my Duty and Love to the *Boar*, elected to succeed the *Goat*, as being nearest in Blood to our Sovereignty, next the *Wesel*, who had unwisely surrender'd our Choice, for an Adoption already repented of. (*Aside.*)

Horse. Fear not my aged Brother, and faithful Friend—

Goat. Such have I been ; and such I shall remain, while Life remains ; for are not the Interests of our Houses blended by the Alliance you honour'd me with in the Person of my immediate Heir ?—

Horse. Whose Roughness makes Wedlock sit heavier on his Consort than it ought.—Brother, that morose Neglect of her shou'd be reproved by you.

Goat. Reproof to savage Nature is vain. Do we not ourselves feel that it is not to be forced ?

forced? Else why can't I love those that had honour'd me with their Choice? Why do you not cherish those willing Beasts of the *Lion's* Forest, that bow to your Nod and yield to your Will?

Horse. What else are they made for?—Pshaw! that tipling *Roarer* is here.—Let us leave him to his vain Conceits, and join our good Allies, the *Bear*, the *Otter*, and the *Tigress*, who attend our Coming to concert how we may turn the Tide of the Election on our Side.

Goat. What matter how it run; whether with or against our Friend, since we design it only for a Bone to gnaw upon? Are not the Electors poor and needy, so may you feed and bend them to your Will, at Pleasure. 'Tis but letting your trusty *Mule*, well loaded with Gifts, loose upon them, as you do elsewhere, and you wind them to any Purpose; for why shou'd they be more abstemious, or pretend to more Virtue than more opulent Beasts?—But in the present Case, I don't see why their Suffrages may not be permitted to be spontaneous, as, let who will be their Choice, the Election will answer our Purpose of beginning the War.

Horse. And War and Flames shall rage all o'er the North, till the *Boar* and *Monkey's* big Schemes are o'er-turn'd.—It shall ne'er be, my secret Ally, that the *Boar* succeeds thee, nor that the *Monkey* dim the Lustre of
my

my Rays in this northern Hemisphere.—
 Forbid it Heaven, that I shou'd sit idle and
 suffer feebl̄er Beasts to execute Designs inju-
 rious to my Glory and Interest, while I can
 lure, or e'en command the *Lion*, with all
 his Force, to stand in the Breach, and bear
 all the Heat of the Day!—The pliant
Fumbler advances,—this Way. [Exeunt.

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

*The SCENE continues, discovering the old
 Lion, leaning to an Oak Tree.*

Lion. Yet might he have staid to hear
 what I had to urge against my taking Share
 in this approaching Conflict.—But no De-
 ference, of late, is shewn for my Opinion.
 Unask'd, I am made Party to all the Quar-
 rels of the Forest ; and for the Purpose am
 ply'd with intoxicating Liquor, and my sub-
 ject Beasts cram'd with copious Hand—
 Ah! that *Mule*, that unnatural Clod, who
 schemes and executes the ruinous Plan!—
 What are these northern Bustles to me? My
 Forest lies far distant from the Scene ; but
 the Pasture of the *Horse* lies exposed, and I
 must forsooth, guard it with all my Might.—
 Fatal

Fatal Connexion!—Ah, stubborn Oak! Staff of my Age, and Terror of my Foes, how great and powerful shou'd I be now, had I always trusted to thee alone! (*Grasps the Tree with both his Paws.*) But, Oaf as I am, I must lead hostile Squadrons on distant Lands, turn my Back on my natural Interest, and drop the various Uses I was destin'd, by Nature, to make of this tough Wood.—What is to be done? I am already worn down with Toils and Cares,—Cares foreign to my Welfare, and availing only to an Interest separate from mine; to the Interest of him that loves me not, or if he do, like the *Boor* who straps his Rib, shews it by ill Usage.—Let me see,—a *Whelp*, they say, has lately travel'd from the South.—Adds my Life! the *Bear* and *Tigress*.

SCENE II.

Enter the Bear and the Tigress.

Bear. Well met, Lord *Lion*; this Lady and I have sought thee all the Morning, to—

Lion. Give me an Opportunity of testifying to you both the high Respect I bear you.

—Ladies, I am not so old but I can—

Tigress. Tipple—

Bear. Or Fumble, ha, ha!

Lion. Why then wou'd you seek a Fumbler and a Tipler?

E

Bear.

Bear. Marry, I think we might have spared the Labour ; but our worthy Friend, the *Palfry*, insisted we shou'd ask thy Aid and Advice, in Form.

Lion. A needless Ceremony !—He is well acquainted with my Modesty, — or Fear, — (*Aside.*) and knows I have had no Will of my own since I have had the Happiness of his Partnership.——

Tigress. But it being whisper'd that you disapprove of this rising northern Quarrel, and are averse to being a Party, 'tis judg'd necessary that you shou'd make public Declaration of the contrary, in order to intimidate the Foe, and keep our Allies steady.

Lion. Foes, I know none that I have — except the *H*—. (*Aside.*) Nor Allies do I want, in this Hemisphere.——

Tigress. Pshaw ! what matter thy Wants or Foes——The white *Steed* has both, and it is thy Business to supply his Wants, and crush his Enemies——

Lion. And the Enemies of all his Friends. —Such indeed has been my Task, God help me, since my Connection with this Prancer. —But, Ladies, where is the Conscience of obliging me, that am almost on my last Legs, to scramble and quarrel so far from my home, for Purposes foreign to my Interest, and relative only to you that reside hereabouts ?

Tigress.

Tigress. Nay, nay ; if you turn Preacher, 'tis time to leave you.—

Bear. Lud, how he stares ! I cou'd not believe, till now, that he drank of a Morning.—But look to it, my Lord ; publicly declare in our favour, and aid us with the whole Remains of thy Strength, or—

Lion. I may expect you'll play the *Whelp* upon me, as *Reynard* did lately.—

Bear. And with more Success, perhaps. —Look to it, I say ; and so your Servant.

[*Exit,*

Tigress. Look to it, indeed, Mr. *Lion* ; if you bring us upon you, you are undone.

[*Exit,*

Lion. Bring you upon me ! What are you, and a thousand such, to me, if I trust to my firm Oaks and native Strength?—How scanty is the Measure of my Freedom ; how hard my Condition ! If I don't agree to ruin myself at every Turn, and waste my Strength in Conflicts that affect me no more than Broils in the Moon, I am threaten'd with the *Whelp*.—But who, or what is this *Whelp*, that I shou'd be thus in continual Frights about his Visits ?—Is he not Flesh and Blood like myself ; and fashioned like me.—But mum,—the *Palfry* and *Mule* are in hearing, and advance this Way ;—I'll avoid them, as doubting their Design to lure or bully me into this northern Confederacy

[*Exit.*

S C E N E III.

Horse. No more,—Excuses are vain,—
Dost thou think I trusted the Reins to thee
and thy B——, the *Dromedary*, but for
the Purpose of silencing that roaring *Dolt*,
and making him couch at my Beck, and lick
my Spittle? Yet you hear how insolently he
has treated my best Friends and Allies, who
only ask'd him to declare openly in favour
of our Confederacy.

Mule. I stand corrected, my good Lord.—

Horse. Tell me not of Correction, or Sor-
row, when Time is not to be o'ertaken.—
My Allies are affronted, and you shall an-
swer for the Contumely offered to them.—
Your Predecessor made this *Lion* tremble at
my Voice.

Mule. Take him then, as once before,
and see how long he shall stand his Ground.
—Here is such a Fuss about a Foregoer.—
What did, or cou'd he, that my B—— and
I have not done, and more?—Have we not
fed the Grumblers with Offals, and silenc'd
them,—at their own Expence too? Did we
not load the Beasts of our Forest beyond
their Strength, the better to humble them,
and carry on an unequal War? And have
they dared to murmur at the End we have
thought fit to put to it, tho' it answer'd no
Purpose of the big Expence? Have we not
all

all we ask, without account ; and is there a dissenting Whisper heard in our Assemblies? Have we not taken off the public Attention from unjustifiable Measures, by introducing and countenancing Sports and Pastimes? Nay, have we not so far encourag'd the profligate and loose Believers, as to put the Virtuous and Orthodox out of Countenance? And have we not reduc'd Corruption to a Science? But to sum up our Services at once, who but the *Mule* and *Dromedary* had gain'd *Reynard's* Servants to abandon the *Whelp* in his late Attempt? And let me add, who so well as we cou'd have turn'd the doubtful Scale, when a Feather might have inclin'd the Beam?—But my Predecessor is the better Man,—so he may for me. [Exit

Horsf. It may not be.—He is restive and resenting ; and should he cabal against me, he might perplex my Affairs beyond Measure. I'll follow, and sooth him into Temper for the present : His Influence is swollen too high for me to attempt taking him down at once. But let me put a fair End to these northern Broils, and see if I don't remember his Treatment of me.—Ah ! this *Whelp*, how he marrs my Purposes, and is the Engine of all who wou'd thwart my Humour or Designs!—But, or he shall

[Exit,

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

Enter the Monkey, as descending from a spreading Tree.

Monkey. What wou'd he to the hapless *Whelp*?—Let me guess, and avert the Danger by my early Care.—Wou'd my squeamish Sister bend to my Desires, or rather, wou'd my more squeamish Mother yield, then might I wreak my Vengeance on the proud *Steed*, set him at Defiance, and level him to what he was.—But this Bigotism, this religious Bigotism, the stiffest of any, stands in my way to revenge.—Yet where, among us Rulers, is there any Religion but that dictated by Convenience? Does not my Neighbour, the *Ass*, square his to it? And does not the *Paltry* himself hold by Wisdom's Clue in this respect? Why then shou'd the Females of my Family, suspect the discerning *Whelp* of more bigotted Zeal than others?—But they are of a Sex that weakly subject the Will to Error and Mistake?—Yet one among them, my favourite Sister, the *Leopardess*, rises in Discernment and Firmness of Mind above her Sex. And well that she does, and seconds my Views in undermining the deep Schemes of the *Goat*, who, old as he is, when tutor'd and supported by the *Horse*, might marr
my

my Purposes, without the Counterpoize of my Sister's more fertile Brain.—She has won the *Badger* to my Designs; the sage and steady Counsellor, on whose Conduct I repose for keeping the Beasts of his native Forest firm in their Allegiance to the *Boar*, and his Offspring by my Sister,—See, he is here to my Wish.—

SCENE V.

Enter a Badger.

Welcome to my Breast, thou steddier Friend and wisest Counsellor. (*Embraces.*) How stand Affairs now; I am but just arrived, and want Information: Yet late as I arriv'd, I was Witness of a Scene between the *Steed*, and his *Mule*, which might be improv'd to Advantage,—I wish you had been here.—

Badg. Your Lordship supposes I cou'd widen the Breach. But, on Reflection, you will think otherwise. They are too necessary to each other to hold dudgeon long. They bear no good Will to one another, yet they will not break. Where can the Master find a Servant more subservient to his Views of adding to his own Strength and weakening the *Lion*; or where can the Servant find a Master more pliant to his Sullenness and ready to enlarge his Power? No my Lord, the *Palfry* may fling and rear, but he will bend;

bend ; and the *Mule*, in return, shall waste all the Substance of the *Lion* to advance the private Purposes of the *Steed*.

Monkey. They play then the Game into one another's Hand.——

Badg. So have all the *Steed's* Menials since he has associated with the *Lion* ; and so will, and must they all, while the Association holds.——

Monk. And short lived it shall be, if my Purpose hold.

Badg. That, that, my Lord, shou'd be the Goal in View,——there hinge all our future Hopes ;——strip your Foes of the *Lion's* Aid ; take from them the Power and Influence of that Lord of Beasts, and you may skip and frisk on their broad Backs at will.

Monk. Ah, this ill-season'd religious Qualm.——

Badg. It may be a Qualm with your Sister ; she is green and prejudiced : But with your Mother.——

Monk. There may be Corruption among her Confidants ; I believe there is ; for Corruption is the *Steed's* best and general Staff : And there may be a Mixture of the Leven of Tenderness for a Brother's House.——But I have form'd a Scheme, which will no less answer our Purpose, shou'd my Mother and Sister be wayward still.——The white fleecy *Ewe*, has fair Possessions, is well ally'd, has
been

been sounded, and yields; as what Maiden wou'd not yield to such a Suitor.

Badg. Already is it whisper'd, that the youthful Suitor is arriv'd in this *Forest*, or near.

Monk. He is—Already has the *Whelp* had Audience of the *Ewe*; and I have contriv'd that my Sister should be Witness of the amorous Parley. No Incentive so powerful in Female Breasts as Jealousy—I might urge Obedience to my Will; but ill wou'd it suit with Nature, or Reason's Laws, to force a Maiden Sister's Love, or thwart a Mother.

Badg. Why had not wider Forests such a Lord; rather, why was any other in this nether World? — My Lord, Admiration widens as you speak, and still it spreads on Reflection of your Deeds.—

Monk. From thee, my Friend, could ought but naked Sincerity be expected.—

Badg. My Lord, in Justice to yourself and me, think not I wou'd bend to be one of those base, low, fawning Sycophants which ply about the Great. My past Conduct, which has gain'd me your Esteem, has, I hope, set my Sincerity beyond Suspicion.

Monk. I own it, my Friend; yet are not Praise and Encomium no Cordials to my Mind; I would keep on my Course with-
F out

out hearing either, and be satisfy'd with having done my Duty.

Badg. So, if Fame speak Truth, would the *Whelp* you take under your Protection.

Monk. If Interest did not bend me to him, his Virtues wou'd——So high they founded before I saw him, that no Chalk or Cynder-eater's longing was higher then mine : But, my faithful *Badger*, since I have convers'd, and search'd all the Recesses of his copious Mind ; since I have prov'd his Excellence, he has made intire Conquest of my Heart. —Then his Figure is so perfect, so engaging, and he has such a well proportion'd Mixture in his Countenance, of Awe and Condescension, that he exacts at once, Love and Respect. —If once my Sister know him, or she has a Heart compos'd of Flint and Ice, or he will put her prudish Bigotism to Flight.

Badg. In what Attitude stands the perfect Youth in *Reynard's* Eye ? Does he forgive his unhospitable Host ? or does the latter o'erlook the Stain fixt on his Fame by the *Whelp's* Steadiness ?

Monk. The Breach is wide beyond a Possibility of being repair'd ; and such I wou'd have it ever be. For, my Friend, tho' Necessity bend me to *Reynard's* Alliance, I am an Enemy to his Craft and Ambition ; and if I can take down the *Palfry's* Pride,

Pride, and secure your Lord, the *Boar*, against the Incroachments of the *Bear*, you shall see the Effects of those deep Designs I had long meditated in my busy Mind.

Badg. Such as I had heard your Sister, the discerning *Leopardefs*, my beloved Lady, suggest. A tripple League, 'twixt you, the *Boar*, my Master, and the *Whelp*.——

Monk. Wou'd keep the rangling, ambitious Rulers of the Forest within the Bounds chalk'd out to Beasts by Reason and Virtue.

Badg. Alas! My Lord; how seldom are either consulted by modern Rulers; and where we find they are, can it be wonder'd, that we shou'd pay Adoration as to a Demi-God? —— Let me not be thought a Flatterer, my Lord, if I say, that your Lordship is the only Chief of the Forest that claims the publick Worship. The *Whelp* promises fairest to copy your Deeds; nor do I doubt, if e're he come to rule, but, like you, his first Care will be to make his own Vassals happy; and next, that Bliss and Equality spread generally o're the Forest.

Monk. Ah, my Friend! Is it not strange that Rulers should forget the very Ends for which Heav'n had assign'd them Power? Can they forget that true Glory results only from the Communication of Happiness to others. —— How gross the Folly of those ancient Tyrants, we hear of, who

vainly thought to establish Fame, or find present Delight, in tormenting those under their Command! How weak, how wicked is the Conduct of most of our modern Rulers, towards their Vassals and Neighbours! *Reynard's* Dependents are Slaves, and his ambitious Thirst urges him to distress all around him. Long had the Ancestors of the fierce *Tygres*, who inherits all their Haughtiness and Ambition, dealt around the Weight of their Cunning and Power. And still, as heretofore, are the numerous Vassals of the *Bear*, as ignorant of Bliss, or Freedom, as of Knowledge. Even in the secluded Forest of the *Lion*, where Liberty and Happiness dwelt together in mutual Love for Ages past, there now remains but the Shadow of the First, and all that is known there of the latter, is imaginary. Arts imported thither from this Neighbourhood, and fell Corruption, founded by those Arts, have quite sapp'd the old Fabrick, on which the Rights of that fair Forest rested. But if I succeed in my Designs, all shall be well there again. — Yet, let me ask, what was your Converse with the *Mule*? Did he propose the winding up this Bottom in Peace, by urging the *Bear* to adhere to her Settlement on the *Wesel*, and to dropping a Scheme that must publish her own Infamy?

Badg.

Badg. Proposals founded on Equity and Prudence, from the *Mule*! — No, my Lord, the late Practice of his Forest, wears quite another hue. He came loaded with Gifts, and bid me chuse, or take all his Cargo, so I wou'd but betray you and my Master, the *Boar*. — You are the Eye-sore there my Lord; and you or the *Palfry* must sink in Power; for in this Hemisphere, two such Suns must not together shoot forth Beams of Light.

Monk. I'll illumine this northern World alone, or die in the Attempt. The *Horse* has won the *Otter* to the Confederate Cause, — undiscerning Animal! who, if the *Bear* shou'd succeed, in forcing back the *Wesel* to your native Forest, in Prejudice to the *Boar* and my Sister's Rights, wou'd become her Footstool —

Badg. As all the puny Chiefs of these northern Forests necessarily must. But the *Horse* deals out all the Treasures of the *Lion* to win the Neighbourhood; and the Beetles don't, or wont see, that Chains are blended with his Gifts. Even the Dealer himself, the Bribing *Palfry*, does not see his own distant Danger in the Inlargement of the *Bear's* Influence.

Monk. Had he been able to see beyond his Nostrils, wou'd he have treated me as he has done for Years past? — But pale Envy. —

Badg

Badg. And Ambition, my Lord ; and a meaner Passion still.—

Monk. Ah ! that grovelling Love of Pelf, which, thank Heav'n, I am unacquainted with,—Is not that the *Bear* scrambling up yon aged Oak, to scoop out Honey from its Hollows, for her two Cubs, who sit gaping at its Foot ?

Badg. The same. The brauny *Bull* is near, as likewise her favourite Counsellor, the *Wolf* ; who, if I mistake not, has Views foreign to his Mistress's Intent.

Monk. You and I judge of that Beast alike. — What wou'd you think of promoting his Scheme in Favour of the Cub of the elder Branch, without his knowing our Design ?—Could we fairly lay the Foundation, we might build as we pleas'd upon it.—The *Bear*, and her Train come forward ; let us retire, to sow such Seed as shall anon shoot forth a plenteous Harvest Crop. [*Exeunt.*

A C T

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

*A hallow Way between two Hills, cover'd
with Trees.*

Enter the Fox, met by a Boar Cat.

Fox. Whither in such Haste, my Coun-
fellow ? Who has met thee to put thee in so
great a Panic ? — So out of Breath as to be
unable to speak. —

Cat. Well may I shiver to meet him,
whose Presence I least can bear. —

Fox. A Coward ! — a *Lion* fears a *Cock*,
as the *Mouse* does the *Cat*, and the *Hare*
does the *Hound* ; but. —

Cat. I say, a *Cock* fears the *Lion* ; and
was you in my Place, wou'd scamper as I
did from him that carried Terror in his
Looks.

Fox. Who, the *Bear*, than whom I know
no Beast more ugly and grim ?

Cat. So has your Lordship Reason to
think her, that had been twice put into Fits
at her Approach. But the Beast, whose
Sight had thus thin'd my Blood to Water,
was once the meekest of the Forest, and
easiest of Access. But since you were per-
swaded to treat him as a Criminal, he
darts

darts such Fire from his rolling Eyes, as wou'd frighten all those imprudent Counsellors that had urg'd you to Inhospitality.——

Fox. The young *Lion*. — But, or you dream, or some northern Sorcerers has rais'd a Phantom to play on your Weakness. Far South is the *Whelp's* Abode; far hence we left him at our setting out. He can't have reach'd these northern Regions so soon; or if he cou'd, what should he hope for by risking the long perilous Journey?——

Cat. To find more Truth, Honour, and Friendship than in our southern Climes.—— Pray Heav'n, my Lord, you repent you not for the Excess of your Complaisance for the *Palfry*, who had gain'd those Servants that had advis'd you to so flagrant a Breach of Honour and Friendship's Laws.

Fox. I yielded too easily, and repine; but how can the *Whelp* have the Power to oblige me to Repentance?

Cat. By causing Union among the Beasts of the secluded Forest, which will happen shou'd he ever get firm Footing there.

Fox. But how shou'd he get thither?

Cat. The Beasts themselves may come to reflect; or your Allies here, may think his Establishment, the surer and nearer Path to Success. — If they cou'd take off the *Lion* and *Horse*, the *Bear*, the *Tygress*, and the *Otter*, the other Confederates, and even the
Ass,

Ass, secretly in their Interest, must soon give way to the *Monkey* and the *Boar*.

Fox. Chimeras all, the Result of a troubled Brain—thou hast been frightened, and all you see are Windmills.

Cat. You'll change your Note, when you shall see the *Whelp* ally'd to the *Monkey*, or wedded to a Bride of his Chusing: And even now runs a Whisper throughout the Forest, that either has, or will soon take Place. The *Ass*, I'm told, already trembles at the Consequence of his matching with the fleecy *Ewe*; nor has the *Palfry* less Reason, shou'd the fair *Hind* fall to his Lot. In either Case, he may have the Power to retaliate your last Favour.

Fox. A Tumult already rises in my Breast; and a thousand Dangers have rack'd my Brain.—What's to be done?—Fly to the *Palfry*, acquaint him with the Imminency of his Danger; and tell him he shall command my secret Aid to render the big Project abortive. I cannot openly assist against the *Whelp*, shou'd the *Monkey* and *Boar* openly espouse him; but assure him, that I shall obliquely obstruct his Measures with all my Might.

Cat. So near are some Beasts in Temper, to the vile Nature of Man, that they are sure to become Enemies to those they stand most indebted to, when in no Plight to add to the Obligation.—Thus it is with my

Lord; the *Whelp* was his best Ally in time of Need, but he wants his Aid no more; nor did he, cou'd he be now of Service to him.— [Aside.

Fox. Thou art penfive, my Counsellor; what wou'd you advise? Give ease to my labouring Soul, by pointing out how I may impede these Measures in favour of the *Whelp*; for shou'd his Alliance with either succeed, I shall not reckon myself safe in my Capital.—

Cat. That Capital whence you drove him to your—

Fox. Dishonour; I know you wou'd have said so—but I forgive thee;—the Thing is now past recall; therefore let us remember only how to prevent its Consequences.

Cat. Already is Fortune propitious; both the Ladies are in View, the fair *Hind*, and the fleecy *Ewe*, and advance towards us. You are fair spoken, and are an Adept in low Bows and Cringes; and Fame loudly trumpets your Subtilty and Address. Accost the fair ones, and, if inclin'd, turn their Hearts from the Object you so much hate and dread.

Fox. I'll weigh your Advice in my Mind's Scale awhile; and in the Interim, let us withdraw and listen, perhaps we shall find, by their Discourse, that any Persuasive of mine is needless. [Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter the Hind, and the Ewe, as if talking.

Ewe. Fortune has set you before me in Rank, but I yield not to thee in Blood or Beauty; and in Possessions you must yield to me.

Hind. To thee! Know'st thou not, that by me he may get Possession of the secluded Forest, the fairest in the World.—

Ewe. And by me, he bids fair for succeeding to the *Ass*, in this wide Forest, where once his great Grand-Sire rul'd with Applause, that rung round the Globe.— But Love, not Interest, is the Bias to his generous Soul; and by that, am willing to abide.

Hind. Yet you wou'd not trust to his Generosity; but play'd all the wanton Engines of your Eyes upon him.—Oh, how eagerly did you empty your Quiver, and shot all your Arrows to wound that Heart, which now you pretend to leave spontaneous!

Ewe. Not more eagerly than your Ladyship, when your Cheeks glow'd with the amorous Flame, and Sighs rose tumultuous in your heaving Breast.

Hind. I deny not the Cælestial Fire; for who would not seek to ingross that generous Heart?

Ewe. And can you hope to possess it, that had so oft rejected his proffer'd Love?

Hind. I then knew not his personal Worth, and was prejudic'd without Reflection.

Ewe. And shall he not, on Reflection, yield to her who generously yielded to the first Suit in his Favour by *Reynard's* Comfort, his Cousin and mine?

Fox. 'Sdeath! my Wife turn'd Match-maker for him!——(*Afide to the Badger, both peeping from behind a Rock.*)

Hind. Yield to thee!——What, because of the ragged Fleece that covers the Beauties of thy Shape. To be sure he must fall in Love with those nimble Limbs that can so well secure you from a pursuing Ravisher.—O, yes, by all Means, the *Whelp* can't but yield to a Phiz, with so great Meaning in't as yours.——

Ewe. Madam, if my Feet been't as nimble as yours, nor my Face as coquettish, my Mind is as chaste, and my Heart as honest; and I have the Advantage of a Fleece, which I annually yield to warm and deck the Sons of Men.

Hind. And is it hence that you arrogate Superiority? Is it for cloathing perfidious Man that you take State and Pride upon you?——Silly Creature! Art not thou his daily Victim? Does he not Lord it o'er all the Beasts of the Forest, tho' he be more worthless

worthless than the Meanest there? Are not his Passions keener, his Senses less perfect, and his Gratitude and Truth below that of the *Cat* or *Fox*?—To worry and destroy the vile Creature were meritorious, but to cloath and cherish him.—Heav'ns! dost thou think to pave thy Way to the *Whelp's* Affection, by dealing out annually thy Favours to his worst Enemies? Has he not been hunted by lawless Man.—

Ewe. And by Beasts too,—where has he found Harbour before I found him Shelter, by the Power of Relations, whom the *Ass* dare not question for their Deeds. We own him for a Chief; but a pageant Chief, whose Teeth we draw at Will.

Hind. As you wou'd the *Whelp's* was he in your Toils.—

Ewe. Perhaps not, Madam; we might use him as politely as your Ladyship, for all your courtly Education.—ha, ha!

Hind. It had been well for Somebody that she had known somewhat of a courtly Education, ha, ha!—She wou'd have made the fitter Consort for a young lordly *Lion*.

Ewe. Madam, the Cap fits not here.—

Hind. Oh! by no Means—ha, ha! the polish'd *Ewe* was bred up in the politest Courts of the Forest, and shews it by her Air, her Port, and Elegance of her Taste, ha, ha!

Ewe.

Ewe. Is it then the Fashion of Courts to banter and insult?—You shall know, Madam.—(*As she stamps with her Foot, the Fox and the Cat come forward.*)

S C E N E III.

Fox. Ladies, I conjure you to moderate your Resentment.—Ill it wou'd become Beasts of your Rank, the Pride of all the Forest, to grow so in Wrath as to give one another the Language of the Rabble.—Besides, the Cause of your Feud is worthless, and far below your Notice—I have o'er-heard your Discourse, and judge the itinerant *Whelp* below your Notice, and unworthy your Care.—

Hind. What, because you thought him unworthy yours?

Ewe. Hospitable *Reynard*! Was you jealous that he shou'd delude your Daughters, the Fairest of the Fair, ha, ha!

Hind. Or was you afraid he shou'd out-shine all the Fools of your own Blood?

Fox. Truce, fair Ladies.—

Ewe. With one of neither Honour, nor Worth.—

Hind. Nor Sense—never,—thou art already the Scorn of the Forest, and will stand recorded in Story for thy Misdeeds.—Why did you invite the generous Youth to
thy

thy treacherous Court? was it to sacrifice him the first Opportunity?

Ewe. Was it first to frighten the *Palfry*, and then to bind him in filken Cords?—Well has Nature stamp'd Falshood on thy crafty Phiz.—Come, fair Rival, let us quit so hateful an Object, to meet the wrong'd, glorious Youth, and leave to him the Decision of our Claims.

Hind. So let it be; and let the propitious Lot fall where it will, let our Friendship still be unsever'd; let the Union be firm to punish that base, ungenerous *Fox*.

[*Exeunt Hind and Ewe.*

Cat. My Master has the Sting, or the D—l's in't.—(*Aside.*) You are thoughtful, my Lord;—Is not your Lordship well?

Fox. Yes; but those Wenches——

Cat. Make thee winch.— (*Aside.*

Fox. I can't with Patience, see that *Whelp* rising, while I myself sink in Esteem.—Curs'd be the Concubine, and those corrupted Counsellors;—yet rather curs'd be my own Weakness that yielded to the fatal Council!

Cat. I was ever against that Violence,——but still you may recall.——

Fox. How? I wou'd give the World I cou'd recall the unhospitable Act, and be set right in the Opinion of the Inhabitants of the Forest. But that is impossible.—

Cat.

48 *The Northern Election; Or,*

Cat. Yet is it not so, to atone to the *Whelp*, who alone was injured.

Fox. I cannot see him.—

Cat. But may aid him.—

Fox. What, to repay my Perfidy?—False Policy indeed, it wou'd be to empower an Enemy to take his Revenge.—The *Whelp* can ne'er forgive me, nor can I ever look on him with Friendship's Eye; therefore here let all Thoughts of Reconciliation cease.—Be it henceforth my Business to thwart his Designs—and first let me obstruct this Match—'tis not to be done, I see, by Attempts on the Maidens, who are no less enamoured than my favourite Daughter was.—But the *Monkey* may be lured from any Engagements he may have contracted with the *Whelp*; and some he has, or the errant Youth had not ventured thus far North.—Interest is the Bait to cover the Hook that holds my Ally, the *Monkey*, and I'll throw it out to him in Plenty.—Not a Moment is to be lost. (*Exit.*)

S C E N E IV.

*The Summit of a Hill, exploring the young Lion
couched at the Foot of a Laurel Tree.*

Y. Lion. Far West have I arduously fought
to cover my Temples with this ever-
green, which now fortuitously o'er-shades
me

me in this northern Clime; yet Fortune still crossed my Purpose; or was it not fell Corruption rather, and black Perfidy, which still pursued me in base *Reynard's* Court? O! that Fortune wou'd once again give me such another Chance! I shou'd thank and bend to her for a Boon that shou'd enable me to wreak my Vengeance on the *Fox*.—But is this a Posture fit to gather the Hero's Wreath, or to seek Revenge? (*Rises*) Yet how did most of those Heroes of old, merit the glorious Appellation? Was it not by Rapine and Murder, by War and Devastation; by Acts of Cruelty, and by imposing Chains; by Wrongs, and the Breach of Laws and Customs.—Far, far be it from me to acquire a Name by Ways so injurious to my Fellow-creatures.—If Opportunity offer, rather let me acquire the Appellation of Hero, by Acts of Benevolence and Generosity; by prowess in just Wars, Humanity towards the vanquished, by Equanimity of Mind in either good or adverse Fortune; by a strict Observance of Laws, and diffusing general Happiness where'er I happen to bear Sway.—Such are my Desires; nor wou'd I be great or powerful on other Conditions.—But alas! wherefore do I dream of Power and Greatness that am still pursued by adverse Fortune!—*Reynard* is my Foe, because he's sure I cannot be his Friend, and moves all the Beasts in this northern Forest to my

H

undoing.

undoing. Even in my Love does he Attempt to cross me.—My Love! ah! where shall I place it? The fair ones both hold my Heart in Suspence. Equally fair, generous, high born, and good! ah! to whom shall I bend?—The *Hind* is fair, chearful, and gay, as a May-Day Morn; nor is the Winter's Snow whiter than the fleecy *Ewe*, nor yet a callow *Dove* more innocent: Great and firm Souls animate them both; and Reason's sound Dictates guide their Conduct.—The Charmers both have yielded to my Decision—Oh! there lies the Danger.—If to the *Ewe* I bend, who holds present fair Possessions, where I might find future Rest, I turn the *Hind's* Resentment upon me; and perhaps her Brother's too: And shou'd I yield to her, to the *Hind*, and her Brother shou'd be wean'd from me by the Bribes and Artifice of my open and secret Enemies.—I am lost in Thought, yet must resolve, for anon am to pronounce my Choice. But see the gallant *Talbot*, the Hero of the present Age, whose Strength, and address in War, rais'd high the Credit of the perfidious *Fox*.—He comes; my Friend comes opportunely to my Aid.—

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter the Talbot.

Welcome, thou only generous and sincere Courtier at *Reynard's* Court; welcome, to give Counsel to thy Friend in need.

Talbot. Nor Counsel, nor ought in the narrow Circle of my Power, shall thou ever stand in need of.

Y. Lion. I know it well, and thank thee, from my Soul.—And Thanks, my Warrior, are all the lean Returns I can make thee for thy good Will. But Time and Virtue, may bring forth Fruits unthought of.—Here am I, at present, caught in the Labyrinth of Cares.—

Talbot. I know it, and have fought thee out to share them with thee.—As yet suspend the Decision; nor can the fair ones repine at the Delay, since to each it may turn to account. I have already gain'd their Consent, and am commissioned from both, to desire you wou'd warily guard 'gainst *Reynard's* Wiles.

Y. Lion. Generous Beauties!—Yet, my Friend, how is it that the *Fox* so ardently seeks my Undoing?—Shou'd he be able to wean the *Monkey* from me, I am lost.

Talbot. Fear it not—if I ken the *Monkey's* Scheme, he designs hereafter to pare

as well *Reynard's*, as the *Bear* and *Tygres's* Nails, by your Means ; nor can he hope to perfect the glorious Plan, but by holding firmly by thee, and settling thee to thy Mind. 'Tis by his Directions that I advise suspending the Decision 'twixt the inamour'd Fair.—The *Hind*, his Sister, he wishes you, but his Dam obstructs his Purpose : Yet that Let may be removed ; but till he has brought his other Schemes to tally with his Mind, he postpones using his Authority.—Ah ! my lord, did you know the wide Compass of the *Monkey's* Plan, you wou'd be charm'd to find another heart, like your own, that pants to restore the golden Age of Plenty, Freedom, and general Happiness.—He thinks to set me up a Competitor in the Election of To-morrow.—A mock Election, serving the purposes of the *Bear*, to kindle the meditated War.—But, or the Game will be bungled, or she will repent her Efforts to unhinge the *Boar*.—A mighty Scene, my Lord, is at Hand, which I'll unfold to thee as we walk to join the *Monkey*, who prays your immediate Presence. [Exit.

A C T

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

A Lawn on the Edge of a Wood.

Enter the Mule, loaded with Bags and Baskets.

Mule. Here let me set down my Burthen,
my corrupting Cargo.—S'flesh! what
puling Rogues are these, that know not
half their Trade.—For Electors to make
the Giver wait, shews they know nothing
of their Business!—Suppose my Mind
change, and I shou'd return with my Load.
—But forsooth, they must be pray'd and
sooth'd to sell their Suffrages.—A Pox o'
their Squeamishness! Let them come and
learn of our Electors in the secluded Forest,
—there I needed not thus wait for the
gaping Cormorants, who wou'd have been
at the Rendezvous before me; but these
are fresh Beasts, Novices in the Trade of
Vote-selling. —Oh, they are here.

S C E N E II.

*Enter a Multitude of Hares, Rabbits, Rats,
Mice, and various other Quadrupeds; a-
mong whom, the Mule divides his Load of
Provisions, assigning to each the Sort and
Proportion agreed upon: After which a
Rat of the H—— Breed, advances to ha-
rangue the common Benefactor.*

Rat. Most faithful Counsellor of the most
potent

potent Lord, the generous *Steed*, permit me, in the Name of these my Companions and Fellow-Electors, to return you Thanks for the Favours we receive.—Happy, thrice happy, are we to be so far the Care of so mighty a Lord, as to send us his first Minister, to mind us of the Duty we owe to Conscience and our Country.—Otherwise did the neighbouring *Bear* in Times past. She named the Beast to be elected, and bad us chuse him at our Peril.—But gentler far are thy Methods ; nor shall we be behind Hand with thee in Courtesey.—(*Here the Company set up a Skout, and encompassing the Mule, danc'd, or frisk'd and skip'd about him for some Time, and retir'd.*)

Mule. Obsequious Beasts ! more so than any I have met with, considering the Scantiness of my Munificence.—In far greater Plenty have I dealt out my Favours to foreign Beasts, yet have I known none more grateful or tractable than these.—Here comes the *Growler*, to rate me for my Prodigality according to usual Custom.

S C E N E III.

Enter the Lion.

Lion. Unnatural Elf ! when doest thou purpose to empty all my Stores ?—Why will you multiply my Sorrows, but give the
Steed

Steed my All at once, that I may feel but one great Pang and die? Is there a Corner of the Globe, that rings not of thy Profuseness; or a Beast that walks to whom thou hast not dealt out of my Stores? Thou hast planted the *Dromedary*, thy youngest, my Store-keeper, and you both take earnest Care to hurry me into a Consumption.—The *Palfry* indeed may think to find his Account in the Reduction of my Strength and Stores:—He may think I might be less stubborn if reduc'd; but, Ideot, what View can'st thou have to answer by my becoming feeble and indigent?—Hast thou no Bowels for Posterity, but will render all that come after, Beggars and Slaves?—Out upon thee for a Politician, to see no farther than thy Nose;—did you but see how the Multitude you had now replenish'd, sneer'd and loll'd out their Tongues at thee, as they went hence, you wou'd blush at thy own Weakness and Prodigality:—What Business was it of yours to meddle in this Election? But, I suppose, you wou'd keep your Hand in against our next western general Contest.—If Bribery be necessary, why won't you let them have the Honour of it, that are concern'd in its Consequence? But, thank you, I must be the Pack-Horse of *Europe*; and such, I may thank the *Palfry*, I have been since my Acquaintance with him.—His Silence is an Indication of Remorse,—I wish I
may

may have made an Impression. (*Aside.*) You are thoughtful, my Counsellor, what are thy Cogitations ?

Mule. On thee, my Lord.

Lion. How, on me ? Have then, at last, my Expostulations sunk into thy Mind ?

Mule. Sunk into a Fiddle !—You tell me I can't see beyond my Nose :—How much farther, pray, do you see ; or did you see, when you contracted the Alliance, which has and will render us all *Mules* and *Dromedaries*.—Away, my Lord, and waste not your Breath in idle Talk—You know my Bluntness, and so your Servant.—Here comes your Lord and mine, attended by his Confederates ;—I'll leave you to entertain them as you list. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter the Horse, the Bear, the Tigress, and the Otter.

Tigress. My Lord *Lion*, I hope you have thought better on't, and are in better Humour than when we last parted.

Otter. I'll answer for his Lordship's Temper and Passiveness.

Bear. So will I—Bless us ! how he smells of Gin.—

Lion. Of the Fool, you might better say.—

Leop.

Leop. Marry! I do think he smells stronger than usual.

Lion. I do so, Madam, thank you all that contribute to the Dose.—

Bear. What does the Tippler mean?—Have we reach'd you out any Liquor?

Lion. No; but you have reach'd me out Parchments, which make me mad.—What have I to do with your Brangles here in the North? What is't to me which Way this Election, that stands me so dear, goes?—And pray, Madam, *Bear*, and you, Mr. *Otter*, what Business is't of yours to meddle with the Interior of the *Goat's* Forest? Why mayn't its Inhabitants alter their Forms, if they list?—And you, Lord *Otter*, if Neighbours had busied themselves with the Interior of your Forest, in the last Century, shou'd your Ancestor have lik'd it; or cou'd he have chang'd, to the present Form, if he had? And you, Lady *Bear*, look at home, and see that no Convulsion happens in your wide Forests, while you are working the Downfall of the *Boar*, whose Election you yourself acknowledged, and whom the *Fox* and the *Monkey* are bound in Interest to support.

Tigress. Lud! what an Orator he is become!

Lion. Rather what a *Beetle* art thou become!—Your Ladyship will excuse my Plainness:—You egg on the War here in
I the

the North, in hopes to recover back the Lawn which the *Monkey* had lately forced from you; which Recovery however is less certain, than that the *Fox* will strip you of all that fairer unfenc'd Lawn, which he lately restor'd to you, shou'd the northern Contest prove doubtful, or too hard for his Allies.

Tigress. That fairer Lawn you mention, is in your Neighbourhood—look to its Safety, 'tis your Business more than mine.

Lion. Such indeed, I have been made to believe for near a Century, to my Cost;—but I see my Error, and shall never more busy myself with distant Concerns or Quarrels;—I have been fighting foreign Windmills too long, and now resolve not only to speak Sense, but to practise it.

Horse. How unreasonable is such a Declaration in the Presence of our best Allies, when you know too, that you can no more keep your Word than you can eat Thunder.

(*Aside to the Lion.*)

Lion. Who shall hinder me? Am not I Lord and master in my own Forest?

Horse. Not so loud, if you wou'd not expose thyself.

(*Aside to him.*)

Lion. O'ons! what do you mean?

Horse. That if you are not wiser I shall throw off the Mask, and drop my Moderation.—You resolve against interfering in foreign Quarrels! I love you for that, as if
you

you pretended to have a Will—I told you, you wou'd but expose yourself.—

Otter. O, pray, my Lord, urge not Matters farther; the Royal Beast relents.

Horse. 'Tis well;—but see, my Friends, the Fore-cast of this western Sage, whose Security depends solely on foreign Alliances, and the Figure he makes in distant Forests.

Lion. My tough Oaks then stand me in no Stead.

Horse. Did your Oaks prevent the *Whelp's* late Visit?

Lion. That is the Cord, the sure Cord, ever touch'd upon to bend me to my—

Tigress. Security—How else, but by laying your Shoulders to the Burden of foreign Wars, cou'd you have kept the Danger distant from your Home, and preserv'd the Orthodoxy of your Worship?

Lion. To be sure, your Ladyship wishes I may preserve it long;—so does that other Ladyship, the *Bear*, whose Worship tallies so well with mine:—Even the pious *Otter*, to say nothing of the devouter *Steed*, squares the Worship of his Forest to mine. —Harkee, Lords, and Ladies; I am no longer to be frighten'd by Phantoms and Goblins, nor bubbled by mask'd Allies and Friends—And so—

Horse. Hold, my Lord; you not only expose yourself but me, by such vague unmeaning Speeches. How will my Allies here

Judge of my Understanding and Influence,
 shou'd I hear the vain Declaration unmov'd?
 —Again, I say, urge not the Exertion of
 that Power, which you know me Master
 of — (*He frowns and stamps at the Lion.*)

Lion. Enough, enough! I am all Sub-
 mission. —

Horse. Lords, and Ladies; you may no
 longer doubt of the Lord *Lion's* Aid — I
 answer for him; and was my trusty *Mule*
 here with the Parchment, you shou'd see
 how readily he wou'd sign. But be under
 no Concern at the Delay; for e'er Night
 draws her sable Bed-Curtains, he shall af-
 fix his Seal to the projected Treaty.

Lion. Ye Stars, and Moon, is there no
 Relief at Hand? (*Aside.*)

Horse. Ha! what Cry was that? — Was
 it not the Lowing of a *Cow*? —

(*A Noise without.*)

Tigress. And blended with more youth-
 ful Cries.

Bear. Pray Heav'n! no ill has befallen
 my precious *Cubs*! — I order'd their Nurse,
 the *Cow*, an old Servant in my Family, to
 lead them hither, that I may explore their
 Charms and Beauties, to you, my Allies,
 who are tied down to the Assertion of their
 Right to my Forest, on my Demise.

Lion. What Pity that those Charms were
 not earlier produc'd, that we might all bend

to

to the happy Sire, who, without doubt, must be the noblest of the Field.—

Otter. The ablest, we may be sure, he is.
(*Aside.*)

Bear. Oh! the Cry redoubles, and yet seems at greater Distance.

Lion. Has none of your younger Hearts the Courage to see the Danger?—Madam, if your *Cubs* ben't already beyond my Reach, these aged Paws, and this good Heart, shall recover them for you.—(*As he goes, meets the Cow in Tears.*) Ah! venerable Dame! how have you disposed of your precious Charge?

Bear. My Children, my dear Babes!—Ah! Nurse! where has thou left my Babes? Ah! speak not; my fond Heart misgives—say, has not the *Wolf*—

Cow. Ah! Madam! name him not—I always told you what your Confidence in that crafty Beast wou'd turn to; but you wou'd take Advice but of the *Bull*, whom that Varlet gain'd to your Undoing.

Bear. Oh! I now see all the Windings of the false Counsellor; and too late repent my consenting to the Exile of the faithful *Spaniel*.—Yet, Nurse, you say not all I am to know.

Cow. As you commanded, I was conducting the sweet Babes hither to be presented to this noble Company; and behold as we enter'd the adjoining Thicket, thinking
of

of no Sort of Danger, we were accosted by one of the *Wolf's* Domesticks, who kept us in Parly till the Master came up—Oh! then, he and his Servant, a huge *Mastiff-Dog*, seiz'd each one of the precious *Cubs* in my Keeping, and hurrying away with them, the Ravisher, the *Wolf*, bad me tell you, “That you might find your *Cubs* where you had lodg'd a *Cub* of equal or greater Rank, a few Years ago; and that you must not wonder if he had taken such a bold Step, since without it public Justice was not to be done; nor the Tranquility of the Forest to be restored.”

Bear. Ah, the Villain!—O, how I will hamper him!

Lion. When your Ladyship can lay Hands upon him. But, if I mistake not, he has set the Pack before he dealt the Cards.

Horse. I wish he may not have a sure Game to play.—

Bear. I may thank you particularly for it, if he has, that had gain'd all that had Access to me.—

Lion. Thus are my Stores lavish'd round the Earth.— (Aside.

Bear. Ah, *Palfry*! thou hast undone me, when, the better to urge me into the present Alliance, and into a Breach with the *Fox* and a Coolness upon the *Monkey*, you induced me to place an implicit Confidence in him

him who now turns the Power I vested him with, on myself.

Horse. The Scheme was eligible and well laid.—

Lion. Such will the *Wolf* call his Scheme if he succeeds; for Treason has no Alliance with Success.

Otter. There, Lord *Lion*, you are in the right—as indeed he wou'd in most Things, if left himself. (*Aside.*)

Bear. You are all, or wou'd be thought my Friends, yet not one of you hurries to to my Aid, or offers Advice.

Horse. Madam, you shall command all the Force of mine and Lord *Lion's* Forest.—

Lion. I may do much for a Lady in Distress; but methinks, I might have been allow'd to answer for myself.—Yet, let me see, how will the Case stand if I shou'd not. The *Wolf* secures two *Cubs* to set *one* at Liberty—am I sure that he has not acted by the Clues of Justice and Patriotism? If he has, why shou'd I impede the Course of Justice, or obstruct the future Welfare of a Community?—Look ye, Madam, as it does not appear clear to me, that the *Wolf* may not be able to answer for his Conduct before the Unprejudiced, I am resolved to observe a Neutrality, notwithstanding what my Associate here may have assured you to the Contrary.—

Horse. How Sir!

Lion.

Lion. Prance as you may, my doughty Controller ; Justice is Justice, and I love it too well to obstruct its Course—and so, Madam, your Well-wisher, in an honest Way. [Exit.

Bear. This is a Trick 'twixt you, Mr. *Palfry*, and that *Roarer*,—but I'll be reveng'd.— (Going.

Tigress. Madam, I conjure you to stay.—

Bear. What, among pretended Friends, that aid me with Wind only when my All is at Stake !—I'll try if I can't recover one Friend worth you all, whom I was weak enough to abandon for those who plung'd me into my present Difficulties, and now look coolly on. [Exit.

Tigress. She can mean but the *Fox*, or *Monkey*, with whom, if she associates, we are undone.—Let us follow to interpose.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

An old Castle in the Midst of a Forest, a Wesel sitting on the Ruins.

Wesel. What Power can secure me from his Rage,—Whither shall I fly to hide myself from his Vigilance ?—Ah ! is not that he that rustles thro' yon' Brake ?—Oh ! Coward that I am, what had I to do with Empire, and Cares, and Dangers its Commitants ? A Heart like mine, was better fitted

fitted for Retirement than the Bustles and Risks of Courts and Forests.—But my Aunt wou'd force me from my native resting Place, and oblig'd me to reject proffer'd Honours, since confer'd on my Cousin, the *Boar*, whom she wou'd lately have persuaded me to treat ill, for Purposes of her own.—Ah! these all are the Consequences of lawless Love!—And I must be made the Sacrifice—to make Way for the Fruits of her cover'd Pleasures, I must intrude upon my Cousin.—But see the dire Effects of her self-interested Politicks.—Already has her favourite Counsellor, the *Wolf*, shiver'd the Props of her big Plan, by securing her *Cubs*; and shou'd he, as 'tis thought he will, set up the *Cub*, so long immur'd, she may retire to Solitude; if Lenity touch the Traitor's Heart.—But mayn't the Epithet be harsher than it need?—If his Conduct be weigh'd in the Scale of Justice, how will the Beam incline? or if that of my Aunt be thrown into the purifying Fire of Equity, how will it come out?—Ah! he comes, and Rage and Resolution flash from his quick Eye, which already has discover'd me.—Yet may I be mistaken, for, as he advances, methinks his Looks soften.

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SCENE

S C E N E III.

Enter the Wolf.

Wolf. Poor panting pigmy Elf, descend,
and be safe.

Wesel. You'll spare my Life.—

Wolf. I will, and your Aunt's too, if she
sharpens not, by Resistance, the Edge of
Justice.—

Wesel. And her *Cubs*—

Wolf. For whom you were to make Way.
—They shall live too, tho' as little shou'd
they be thy Care as mine, who seek but the
future Happiness of my native Forest, more
dear to me than Life.—Greater or more
powerful, I can't be hereafter than I lately
was; yet knowing that no permanent Hap-
piness cou'd attend the Soil of my Birth,
without the Change I have [now begun, I
chose to put all at Hazard by siezing Oppor-
tunity while I might.—But for thee, thou
shalt return to thy little Wood in safety,
where you and your Cousin, the *Boar*, may
agree your Differences—Perhaps, hereafter,
I may advise giving you Aid from our great
Forest, shou'd your Cousin, as probably he
will, dispute with you the Succession you
resign'd to him on a fairer Prospect.—It
will be our Interest to support a controvert-
ed Title to the *Goat's* Forest. (*Aside.*) But
Calm and Peace must be first spread o'er
home,

home, before we can think of succouring thee. Therefore nestle snugly in thy native Cope, and wait an Opportunity. I'll see thee conducted in Security.

[*The Wesel descends, and exeunt both.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter the Monkey, as if in Conversation with the Badger.

Monkey. If the *Wolf* seeks my Assistance he shall have it most willingly ; for tho' I might object to his Gratitude to the *Bear*, who rais'd, and repos'd a Confidence in him, yet am I a Friend to the Cause he espouses.—

Badger. The Cause of Innocence and of Justice—

Monkey. Which I shall ever protect.— You are no Stranger to my Resolves in favour of the young *Lion*.

Badger. No, my Lord ; and the *Whelp*, if I mistake not, will retaliate the generous Favour.—

Monkey. I believe it ; for in my Converse with him, he exceeds all that many-tongu'd Fame had spoken of him.

Badger. O, my Lord ! when you shall know him as well and long as the *Talbot*, from whom I have his true Character, you'll perceive such a copious Mind, such a Fund of Understanding, so much Goodness, so great Generosity, such Benevolence, and

such Evenness and Openness of Temper, as must endear him to you for ever.

Monkey. Already is his Interest as dear to me as my own; but *Reynard*, on one Side, and my Dam on the other, mean to divert me from my Purpose, but they shan't; yet must I hold it fair with the *Fox*, and particularly at the Eve of the great Event just machinated by the *Wolf*.—Are we sure that the deluded *Bear* won't attempt the Recovery of her *Cubs*, by the Aid of *Reynard*, who, however disoblig'd he may have been at her late Conduct, will close with her Offers, and shift to her from us?—My Friend, you know the *Fox*; Interest is his Idol; and to secure that, he will break thro' all Ties and Promises.—What a Specimen has he afforded us lately of the true Portraiture of his Ambiguity, in his Conduct towards the generous *Whelp*!—What hooping and hal-
lowing was that? (*A great Noise without.*

Badger. The Noise thickens, and seems to approach; I'll learn the Occasion.

(*Goes out, and returns laughing.*

Monkey. How now! some Maiden ravish'd; or *Rat* hunted for Loss of Bacon.—

Badger. A royal Hunt, my Lord—your Ally—ha, ha!

Monkey. The *Fox*, is at his old Pranks, ha, ha! what of him?

Badger. That he has been pursued by all the neighbouring Farmers, their Wives, Sons,

Sons, and Daughters, arm'd with Forks, Spits, Pokers, and Ladles, for Loss of Poullets and Geese, ha, ha! They desire Admittance to your Lorship, to make Complaint.

Monkey. It may not be—The Affair must be hush'd, that *Reynard* take no Umbrage at our Conduct towards him, here in the North:—Step to the Crowd, and say from me, that I shall send anon to compensate each for any Damage he may have sustain'd. (*Exit Badger.*) How prevalent is Nature in those that don't lay a Restraint upon their Passions?—Hapless Beasts! more wretched than sensual Man, are they who weigh not their Conduct in Reason's Scale! All will be Confusion, all Injustice, when Reason directs not the Course.—*Reynard*, the richest Inhabitant of the Forest, gives a Loose to Nature, and pilfers Poultry from the poorest Hinds.—(*The Badger returns.*) They are contented, I hope?—

Badger. They are, my Lord; and bless you for your Bounty.—Your Lordship is pensive.—

Monkey. I am, my Friend; and who that is bless'd with the Faculty of cool Reflection can be otherwise? See you not the growing Degeneracy of Beasts, how they ape weak Man in all his Extravagancies and Follies? And what is more piercing still to the generous Breast, the Beasts of highest Ranks,

Ranks, that shou'd set Example to the Rest, are most sensual and extravagant.—Cast round your Thoughts on all the Rulers of the Forest, and find me if you can, a reasonable Beast among them. But so was it not always ; yet have we now such a weak Generation of r—l Noodles, one at most excepted, as puts R—y to the Blush.—

Badger. Of Chiefs, I can't brag much ; but of Expectants more may be said.—

Monkey. Even of these, except the *Boar*, and *Whelp*, what can Fame urge in their Favour ? See what a Dolt is to succeed the *Fox* ; and how much more promising is the *Afs's* Heir ?—

Badg. Yet ample Amends has Dame Nature made in the *Palfry's* Family, or tell-tale Fame is a Babblers.

Monkey. There take thy Stand ; a firmer you cou'd not have chosen—Ah ! my Friend ! what Pity it is that Fortune shou'd wear a Bandage o'er her Eyes !—But I'll remove, or at least attempt it.—

Badger. Ah ! my Lord ! the beauteous *Hind* might much forward your Designs.—

Monkey. Which she earnestly wishes to do ; nor can I wonder that she yields to the Force of exalted Merit—Yet a little while, and all will do well.—Who have we here, *Reynard's* Counsellor, the *Cat*.—How fare your Lord, Sir ? I hope my best and wor-
thiest

thiest Friend and Ally, is well in Body and Mind? *(The Cat comes forward.)*

Cat. To your Lordship, he sendeth greeting, wishing for an immediate Conference with you, on Matters of high Importance. As for his bodily Health, he enjoys it perfect, except a Lameness contracted in a late Excursion he made for Pastime.

Monkey. And for Pelf.—*(Aside.)* Say, Sir, with my best Love, that I shall wait on him incontinently;—I guess the late Convulsion in the *Bear's* Family to be the Occasion.

Cat. You have guess'd, my good Lord; nor ought fair Opportunity to be lost when it offers.—Already has the *Bear* been on her Knees to my Master for Succour.—

Monkey. Which 'tis to be hoped he has granted.—Thus by my bending to what I wou'd not have done, I shall sift the Truth from this cunning Elf. *(Aside.)*

Cat. Your Lordship's Penetration readily unfolds the knottiest Points; and as you say, so do I think ought my Master to prop up the trembling *Bear*. For shou'd the bold and crafty *Wolf* succeed, Peace and Plenty might so o'er-spread that vast northern Forest, that we in the South may hereafter be obliged to bend to its mighty Power.—Such our Politicks, and such our Interest, to prevent Calm and Union in the distant as well as neighbouring Forests.

Monkey.

Monkey. And both wisely o'er-weigh'd my Lord *Reynard's* Friendship for the *Lion's Whelp*.—Thus can his late Conduct towards that youthful and useful Ally, be justified by the safe Scales of Conveniency and Self-Interest.

Cat. Some Part of that Conduct was harsher than it need, and against my Advice, as judging it must create a personal Enmity, which might hereafter prove dangerous, shou'd the *Whelp* ever succeed in his Views on the secluded Forest:—I own the Prospect is very distant, yet distant as it may seem at present, he may possibly succeed, either by the Fame of his own Virtues, or thro' the Demerit of others: And I am always for guarding against Possibilities; therefore was averse to the pushing the Youth's Resentment beyond all Bounds. But my Reasons were o'er-ruled by my more sanguine Colleagues in Council, and particularly by the Arguments of an inflam'd Levite, who ow'd his high Rank to the *Whelp's* Sire.—Yet, tho' I was averse to Severity, I was no less averse to supporting his Claim, foreseeing, that if he succeeded, the natural Interest of the secluded Forest wou'd induce him to help paring my Master's Nails.—But see a second Messenger from my Master, to quicken your Lordship's Pace.

Monkey. I wait on him.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T

A C T VI.

S C E N E I.

A Grove of Ever-greens, on the Banks of a clear Stream of Water.

Enter the Hind, and the Ewe, from the opposite Sides of the Grove.

Hind. No more, my Dear, shall you wear the Name of Rival, but in its Stead, I will call thee Friend; for such I deem thee, and ever shall, let the dear Youth's Decision be what it may.—

Ewe. Alas! my Friend, a Name I shall be ever vain to bear, the *Whelp*, as little as thyself, has the Liberty of Choice—Such is his hard Fortune.—

Hind. Ah! name not the blind Deity! Was she not stone-blind, wou'd she have smiled on Demerit, and frown'd on Virtue?

Ewe. And was she not deaf as well as blind, wou'd she not have heard the loud Voice of open-mouth'd Fame, who has been hoarse in our Lover's Praise?

Hind. I heard say that Love is blind, yet can it be true, since he has so surely taken his Aim at thy Heart and mine? Hy, ho! —that Heart which misgives me.—

Ewe. So does mine; and yet it yields not to Suspicion of my Lover's Truth.—

L

Hind.

Hind. Nor mine ; yet is it weigh'd down by Doubt ; but not of him that ingrosses it.—

Ewe. Of your Brother rather, who oft' spins his Web too fine—there lye my Hopes, if this fresh Alarm in the *Bear's* Family don't cause a Change in his Politicks.

(Aside.

Hind. Did not the heroick Youth appoint us here ? Wherefore then does he delay ?—
—The Charmer comes—yet am I de-
ceiv'd ; 'tis his Confident, the gallant *Talbot*.

S C E N E II.

Enter the Talbot.

Ambo. Where, where, Sir, is thy Friend ?

Talbot. Ladies—

Ambo. Ah, Sir, dally not with our Fears, but say is he well ?

Talbot. He is—

Ambo. Oh ! where ?—Why was he not here ?

Hind. Well might my Heart weigh more than usual.

Ewe. Now can I see why mine was sunk so low. *(Weeps.*

Hind. *Reynard*, false *Reynard*, or the *Palfry* has way-laid the glorious Youth.

(Weeps.

Talbot. Lovely Pair ! how affecting their Grief ; how uncommon their Generosity !
(Aside.) Fairest, kindest of your charming
Sex,

Sex, cease to bewail an imaginary Loss; nor grieve for an Absence, nor blame it, since it is involuntary. Already was the warm Lover, the fearless *Whelp*, on his Way to the Appointment, when the wary *Monkey* sent to wean him from the Walk at the Risque of his Friendship. By the Messenger he wrote these Words in a Tablet, which he sent as a Present to the hunted Youth,—

“ Your Enemies, whom I need not name,
 “ got Wind of your Arrival, and have Scouts
 “ ev’ry Way to mark your Goings; judge
 “ of the Danger as I do; and, if you wou’d
 “ keep me your Friend, stir not from your
 “ Den, ’till you hear further from me.”

Hind. Oh, savage Cruelty! why dost thou sink into noble Hearts?

Ewe. Call you those Beasts noble, who harbour ignoble Thoughts?—High, as blind Fortune may have plac’d them, yet are they far below the Level of the meanest of the Forest.

Hind. The Generous and Humane, how obscure foe’er their Birth or Condition, rise high, in the Eye of Reason, above the highest in Rank, if they rest not on the Basis of Virtue.—But our Lover, (you see, Sir, we blush not to own the virtuous Flame) the Favourite of Fame; he soars as high in Merit, above most of his Rank, as in Birth, above the low-born Herd.

Ewe. He, the glorious Youth, is born to reclaim and save, by Precept and Example ; nor is Vice and Luxury, so long encourag'd, to be rooted up but by a Head and Heart like his.

Talbot. With either of you, fair Excellencies, to aid him in the glorious Work, we might pronounce his Success. What Soil, how rank soever or o'ergrown with Weeds, might not be brought to yield fair Crops under the Inspection of such a Fair ?

Hind. Oh ! that Sound strikes a Damp upon my Soul!—

Ewe. So it does on mine.—

Hind. Already is the Blood chill'd in all its Vessels—tho' you are my Friend, yet can't I bear that you shou'd be pair'd with the dear Youth in Prejudice of me.

Ewe. Nor I, that you shou'd be the happy She.—Yet, my Friend, let our Friendship still subsist ; nor let us blame either him or ourselves ; but as either is bless'd, let the other lay the Fault at Fortune's Door, and recur to Patience.—Pray, Sir, may we not accompany you to the Place of the *Whelp's* Residence ?

Hind. Oh, pray, Sir, oblige us.

Talbot. With Pleasure I shou'd obey, if Danger to the Youth you love, stood not in the way on either Side.—Shou'd you be track'd to his Den, and Harm shou'd ensue, or shou'd the Lord *Monkey* disrelish the Visit,

Visit,—yet, Ladies, if you'll come this way, we'll take Council as we walk, and I'll see what may be done,—for the Ease of the *Whelp* that must be torn in twain, shou'd you both accost him at a time. (*Aside.*
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Cottage on the Edge of a Wood, the Floor strew'd with Heads and Limbs of Sheep, Kids, Lambs, and of different Fowls.

Enter the Boar and Badger.

Badger. Such, my Lord, is the Havock which the voracious Couple we saw go hence, have made, to ratify their coming Friendship. Thus have the *Bear* and *Fox* feasted in their Treaty-making.

Boar. Such, my Friend, will always be the dire Effects of Insatiety and Ambition.—Ah! my Counsellor! if ever you shou'd see me inclining to either, check and and rouse me from the vicious Lethargy, else I shall not deem thee my Friend.

Badger. My Lord, had I thought you inclin'd to either, you ne'er had had me your Friend: And as much as your Cause stands in Need of the young *Lion's* succeeding in his Views on the secluded Forest, I ne'er had interested myself for him, had I not believ'd

liev'd him form'd by Nature to bless and reform the present erring Generation.

Boar. Erring indeed, the World is ; and who so likely to reform it as a *Whelp* tutor'd in the School of Adversity ?—Tell me, my Friend, for you have seen him since his arrival in this Forest, is not that he who walks pensive before yon' Cave ?

Badger. The same ; for who but himself cou'd so shine thro' those almost impervious Clouds of Cares and Sorrows that surround him ? Except yourself, and your Brother-in-Law the *Monkey*, has he a ruling Friend here or elsewhere ?

Boar. Must not all the World be in Friendship with Virtue like his ?

Badger. Yes, my Lord, if all the World were virtuous as he is.—Had the present Chiefs of the Forest any the least Acquaintance with Virtue, wou'd that perfect Youth be hunted as he is ? Even now is he surrounded with Danger on every Side.—The *Palfry*, and his *Mule*, the *Bear*, and even the *Fox*.—

Boar. Ah ! lengthen not the List of the Enemies to Virtue, which, I trust, will find Safety in the *Monkey's* Vigilance and mine.—But how relishes the *Ass* the Arrival of the afflicted Youth in these Parts, or the Report of his Affiancing with the fleecy *Ewe* ?

Badger. As the *Palfry* wou'd his matching with the lovely *Hind*.—The *Ass* has long had

had the wide Forest he was elected to, in view for his favourite *Colt*, and thought that matching with the *Ewe* wou'd best secure his Success.——

Boar. Or I am mistaken in the hunted Youth, or he has no View to that Succession.——A much greater Prize he aims at; and tho' the Toil and Hazard be greater, so will the Glory too, of restoring the golden Age to the secluded Forest.——

Badger. And he, if any, is capable of working the desirable Change; for, my Lord, if the Source be clear, so will the Stream.——Yet see yon muddy Sources how they embrace——

Boar. The *Bear* and *Fox*.——Already then can I discern the *Wolf's* Scheme abortive. In taking *Reynard* to her Aid, she must recover her *Cubs*.——

Badger. And Power too; yet these frequent Convulsions pry upon the Vitals, and enfeeble them.——

Boar. While yet Opportunity offers let it be improv'd; if the *Wolf* shou'd have fail'd, yet may the Seed of Discord be so scatter'd in the *Bear's* Forest, on this Event, as to weaken her Efforts.——Let us take Counsel of the first Mover of all our Schemes.

Badger. Already is he in view to our wish.

S C E N E IV.

Enter the Monkey.

Monk. What a Scene of Horror is here, my Friends? But such it must ever be where the *Bear* and *Fox* bear Sway.—Oh! you that direct the Actions of ruling Beasts, point mine to Justice,——

Badger. And to Generosity, my Lord.—See yon majestic Youth,——

Monk. How unlike that Pair who hug each other as they trudge along.—But tho' the *Bear* has recover'd her *Cubs*, and, for the present, secur'd her Power, my Measures yet shall take her and her new Ally, *Reynard*, down.—Ungrateful *Reynard*! who shifts and varies with the Wind.——

Badger. I think not, my Lord, he is ever steady to his own Interest.

Monk. And cover'd with foul Stains all o'er; but by none is he so disfigur'd as by his late Treatment of yon pensive Youth.—

Boar. Who yet may be in Plight to retaliate.

Monk. Or he shall, or he and I shall sink together.—Yet awhile must I postpone the final Execution of my big Plan. The generous *Whelp*, however, shall find shelter in this Clime, Spite of his Enemies; and anon shall find a Bride suited to his Birth.

I'll

I'll bear him up, by the Aids of Art and Address, against the Torrent of his Foes, till the old *Goat* be out of our way; but then, I will openly add my whole Strength to the Engine of my Brain.—The better to execute this Plan, you and I, Brother, must incline to Peace.—

Boar. Such was the Counsel of my Comfort —

Monk. Who is deeply skill'd in Mysteries of State.—

Badger. Or she had not been so lov'd by, and like, your Lordship.

Monk. Yet is she not dearer to me or more like than the *Hind*.—But see her Suitor sees me, and moves this way: You'll both retire that I may the better explore the Recesses of his Brain and Heart. (*Exeunt the Boar and Badger*) Well may that noble Air and Symmetry of Parts, that meaning Aspect, win my Sister and the *Ewe*.—How gracefully he moves,—and how visible the sudden generous Transition in his virtuous Mind, which shudders at the horrid Scene in view! (*Enters the Y. Lion*) You are thoughtful, my young Lord, nor can be otherwise in your Station; but great Minds soar high above.—

Y. Lion. Personalities; 'tis true, my Lord, —a Mind, well poiz'd, sinks not to despair, but bears with Patience, and gloriously struggles with Afflictions: Yet that very Mind,

M

great

great in o'erlooking its own immediate Sufferings, wou'd, in my Opinion, cease to be great, shou'd it calmly view the Calamities of others.—What Mind can behold, unshaken, the Scene before us?

Monk. You are yet unskill'd, my Friend, in the Wiles and Urgencies of supream Power.—

Y. Lion. And so for ever wish to be, if it needs must urgè the Possessor to Acts of Cruelty and Injustice.—Ah! my Lord, measure by thy self, and say, how much more refin'd the Joys that result from communicating happiness to others.—But these are Joys unfelt by the Authors of this Carnage.

Monk. Yet may it be the Work of Necessity.—

Y. Lion. Of the Appetites and Passions rather, which hurry away to the Commissions of all Sorts of Wrongs, him who lays not an early Restraint upon them.—But, my Lord, wherefore do I attempt pencilling out the Miseries resulting from uncontroul'd Passions before you, that are distinguish'd beyond all the Chiefs of the Forest, for subjecting them to Reason? Let me rather to the Purport of my Visit, which was to return you Thanks for your generous Care of my Safety, and to know from you what Decision I am to make.—My Lord, the beauteous *Hind* is lov'd as soon as known.—

Monk.

Monk. Yet, my Friend, for such you shall ever be, you may not decide in her Favour at present. Your Interest and mine will have it otherwise. The fleecy *Ewe* better answers, at this time, the Ends in view. Had the *Wolf* succeeded, and the old *Goat* been on his long Journey, I wou'd have born down, by my Authority, all Opposition to the Alliance we both desire. But in the present State of Affairs, we must bend to Necessity, and temporize.—A general pacifick Meeting of the different Confederates is to be held anon, at which you will do well to assist in order to be known; mean while I'll give Orders for your Nuptials.

Y. Lion. Is not *Reynard* to be of the Number?

Monk. He is.

Y. Lion. Enough, my Lord, to obstruct my Appearance there.—My honest Heart forbids an Interview with one so faithless and unhospitable.

Monk. Be it as you will; yet remember that, in good Policy, Resentments are not always to be long liv'd.

Y. Lion. My Lord, I shall never forget that I ought to forgive; but—

Monk. We will further sift the Subject as we walk, at present we are disturb'd.

[*Exunt.*

SCENE

S C E N E . IV.

Enter the Bear and the Wolf as in discourse.

Wolf. Such is a Proof of your Ladyship's Discernment. What else but your Service cou'd your faithful Counsellor have in View? Already was I at the Summit of all subordinate Greatness; nor cou'd I aspire to greater Power than you vested me with: But I judg'd it for your Interest, in so critical a Crisis, to sound the Public, and put Particulars to trial; and how so well cou'd that be done, as by the sudden Seizure of your *Cubs*?

Bear. I was alarm'd at first, not discerning the Depth or Refinement of your Policy, but am now so well pleas'd with this new Proof of your Faith and Skill, that you have secur'd me your Friend for ever.

Wolf. And for ever am I secur'd in the Chains of Zeal and Duty. (*Kneeling.*) Such will always be the Success of Deceit, when well cover'd with fair Intention. Deeper yet, and better laid, shall be my future Schemes in favour of the Injur'd. (*Aside.*) Madam, or my Ears beguile me, or Shouts have reach'd them that denote the Assembling of the Chiefs.—Your Presence will be immediately necessary,

Bear,

Bear. I go; yet tell me, if Report say true concerning the *Whelp's* Nuptials with the *Ewe*?

Wolf. It does. Already has the *Monkey* assented.

Bear. I shall be teaz'd to thwart the errant Youth in his Designs, and force him from these northern Climes.

Wolf. And owe you not more to Justice, to Compassion, to your own Honour, than to cool Friendship, such as you told me, was shewn you when you lately thought yourself in Extremity? Besides, Madam, wou'd you copy the Ungenerosity of the *Whelp's* late unhospitable Host? Wou'd you, as *Reynard*, fix an indelible Stain on your Fame?

Bear. Never—you shall further counsel me in our Way. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

A Lawn in a Wood, at the Edge of which the Fox, and the Cat, appear in close Conference.

Fox. To be thus foil'd by a Stripling; and at my own Weapons too! shameful!

Cat. Ay, my Lord, to be out-done in Art and Address, the Inheritances of your House.—

Fox.

Fox. Was it not enough that he lately brav'd me at my own Threshold, and forc'd me to use him ill; but he must gain my Allies to his Cause,—and—Oh! poignant Reflection! he must gain too the fleecy *Ewe*, the loveliest and richest of the Forest fair!—And was all this big Scene acted, my Counsellor, unknown to thee?—Ah! wherefore hast thou such Stores to distribute, yet fail in Intelligence.

Cat. Wherefore has the *Palfry*, more interested than you, wasted so much greater Stores, yet was not able to trace even his Steps hither, much less cou'd he explore the Place of his Abode, or the Mysteries of his Negotiations.

Fox. Already so mysterious! so young, yet so consummate in Policy! What may I not fear when he grows up to Ripeness of Years, and is matur'd by Business and Experience?

Cat. What indeed,—or even now.—For see where he bends his Steps.

Fox. Ha! Death to my Hopes! He comes forward—Ah! that resenting Look pierces to the Quick.—Let us retire.

Cat. For the World, my Lord, you may not publish so great a Weakness of Mind.—But 'tis now too late.

Enter

Enter the Young Lion, who passes on, looking sternly at the Fox, as he goes by him.

Fox. Ah ! saw you not, how already the Stripling lords it o'er me ?

Cat. Such will it ever be with great untainted Minds.—(*Aside.*) These Shouts proclaim the Election over ; so may you join the Chiefs assembled to put a temporary End to these northern Feuds. [*Exeunt.*

F I N I S.



Heart of Bravery, who fight in
 the name of the Lord, and for his

Now, Al! how you not how ready the
 sleeping lords it ever was?
 (Oh, such will be with great un-
 dained minds—) These should pro-
 claim the Election over: to that you join
 the Chicks assembled round a temporary Band
 to these northern Lords.

T I W I 2

